The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Mr. Edmund Gosse on our cover is from a photograph taken by an American artist in August, 1904; and our plate portrait is from a drawing by Frank Dicksee, R.A., made for Grillon's Club in 1912.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing in the Autumn an edition de luxe of Mr. Edmund Gosse's powerfully realistic study in autobiography, "Father and Son." A number of hitherto unpublished portraits and photographs will be included among the illustrations.

The July Bookman will be a Laurence Sterne Bi-Centenary Number, and will contain a special article on Sterne by Professor Saintsbury; "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence," by Alexander Mackintosh; "Our Village," by W. E. A. Axon; "The Woman of To-day and Yesterday," by M. P. Willcocks; "War or Peace," by J. E. Patterson; "Jane Austen," by W. H. Helm; "Mary Wollstonecraft," by Roger Ingpen; "Mrs. Meynell's Poems," by Katharine Tynan; "A New Novelist and Some New Novels," by Edwin Pugh; "Stane Street," by F. E. Green; "Roses and Rue," by Wilfrid Whitten, etc.

Mr. John Masefield has been revising and adding to his collection of sea-stories, "A Mainsail Haul," and the revised volume will be issued during June by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who is publishing, uniform with this book, a new edition of Mr. Masefield's delightful "Salt Water Ballads," which has for some time past been out of print.

A little while ago we made some reference to the clever continuation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" that was written and published several years back by Mrs. Newton (Gillan Vase). Mrs. Newton has now carefully revised her novel, and a new edition of it, with a preface by Mr. Stanley Jevons, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., under the title of "The Great Mystery Solved."

Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs have just published "The Collected Verses" of Mr. Arthur H. Adams. The book includes a large selection from Mr. Adams's

first volume and a number of poems that he has reprinted from various English and Australian magazines, but takes in nothing from his two books, "The Nazarene" and "London Streets," that were published over here a few years ago when he was trying his fortune as a London journalist. Mr. Adams is the most considerable of New Zealand's living poets; he is a *Sydney Bulletin* man, and has for some time past been editing the *Lone Hand*.

Another distinguished Australian author, Miss Edith Howes, has lately completed a new book of "Maoriland Fairy Tales," which Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing shortly; she has collected the ancient Polynesian legends and written them up in it as stories for children. Miss Howes, who is best known in this country for her two charming volumes, "The Sun Babies," and "Rainbow Children," which are published by Messrs. Cassell, is one of the most popular writers of New Zealand, where she is a school teacher, and has done much admirable work, especially on natural history and educational subjects. She has, at present, escaped from schooling and is away on leave for a year, the first six months of which she is spending on Stewart Island, where she is studying shore life, with a view to a book on sea things, also to be written up in the "fairy tale" style for children.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Lady Gregory,**

whose "New Irish Comedies" (Putnam) is reviewed on page 128.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby,

whose "Life of Strindberg" (Stanley Paul) is reviewed on page 135.

Mr. W. H. Helm will, on the 5th of this month give a lecture recital on "Jane Austen and her Novels," at the Grafton Gallery. The lecture will be illustrated with some fifty portraits and pictures of places associated with the novelist and scenes from her stories that will be shown as lantern slides.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer's drama, "The New Shylock," has been translated into German by Leon Schalit and has just been published by Messrs. Oesterheld & Co., of Berlin, where the play is to be staged this autumn.

Mr. G. B. Burgin sails next month for Canada, on a visit to the old Happy Hunting Grounds whence, in other years, he has brought home material for some of his best stories.

Mr. W. Percival Westell is to be congratulated on the attainment of a sort of literary jubilee. This year alone he will have ten books published: six of them, his "Rambles in Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "On the Seashore," and "Under the Stars," by Messrs. Nelson; and "The Seashore I Know," by Messrs. Dent. He will follow these with "The Oxford Nature Book," "The Wonders of Bird Life," and "Bird Studies,"

and with the latter completes a list of fifty volumes to his name. A critic on the *World* remarked a little while back that since the death of Frank Buckland "no one has done more to popularise Natural History than Percival Westell," and everyone who is acquainted with Mr. Westell's work knows that this tribute has been fully earned. As a Natural Science student, author and lecturer he has had a very distinguished career. Born at St. Albans in 1875, he was educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School there, and in 1900 was, on the introduction of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, elected a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, in recognition of his work as an Ornithologist; and in 1907, on the introduction of Lord Avebury, was admitted a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London. He was an active member of the Selborne Society for some considerable period, and on two occasions served as a member of the Society's Council. For several years he has been Phenological Observer to the Royal Meteorological Society; he has been Lecturer and Instructor in Nature Study to the Cambridgeshire County Council, having organised and carried out a term's course of Nature Study Classes numbering a hundred and fifty teachers; he is visiting Master in Botany, Zoology and Nature Study at a number of local schools; and for long past has lectured on Natural Science at many of our principal public schools and institutions.

Mr. Percival Westell.

But to cover the wide field of Mr. Westell's varied activities in a paragraph or two is out of the question. He was one of the founders and is still a patron of the School Nature Study Union; and nowadays he is well-known also as Editor and Honorary Secretary of the Young Naturalist's League, which has over six thousand members in all parts of the English speaking world. In 1909 and 1910 he was awarded Diplomas for Botany and Entomology by the National Society of Acclimatization of France, only two other Englishmen having been thus honoured. In addition to his fifty books, he has contributed numerous articles on Natural Science to the Scientific Journals and to the more popular magazines. Of late years, the value of a knowledge of natural science has become generally recognized as a potent force in our educational system, and in this direction perhaps no living teacher has rendered more valuable service than Mr. Percival Westell. His first volume, "British Breeding Birds," was issued in 1899, so he has rounded off his literary jubilee in rather less than a quarter of a century.

Photo by David Morris.

Miss M. P. Willcocks,

whose new novel, "The Power Behind," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

From a drawing by Miss Dorothy Furniss.

Miss Kaye-Smith, already well-known as the author of three admirable books, "The Tramping Methodist," "Star Frau" and "Spell-Land," has written a new novel, "The Isle of Thorns" (Constable), which we review on page 127.

[*Photo by Rita Martin.* **Miss Meriel Buchanan,**
whose first novel, "White Witch," has just been published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is the daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

Mr. B. T. Batsford has commenced the publication of an attractive series of "Fellowship Books," that are to form "a new contribution by various writers toward the expression of the Human Ideal and artistic Faith of our own day." The first six volumes are "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys; "The Country" by Edward Thomas; "Friendship," by Clifford Bax; "Divine Discontent," by James Guthrie; "Springtime," by C. J. Tait; and "The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannan. The books are beautifully produced; printed in clear type, on good paper, and in very dainty and artistic bindings. The general editor is Mrs. Arthur Stratton and we congratulate both editor and publisher on having made so excellent a beginning on what promises to be a charming and very interesting series.

Mrs. Arthur Stratton.
Editor of "The Fellowship Books" (Batsford).

"Austria, Her People and their Homeland," an admirable travel book by Mr. James Baker that was published from the Bodley Head last Autumn has met with considerable success, and the author is revising the proofs for a new edition.

Mr. Rowland Hill,
whose blank verse historical drama, "Christopher Columbus," is to be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

Miss Ethel Carnie, who started her career as a half-timer in a Lancashire factory and published a striking little book of "Songs of a Factory Girl," has written a novel of Manchester industrial life which is to appear serially in the *Christian Commonwealth* before it makes its appearance between covers.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing a new novel, "Joyful Heatherby," by Mrs. Payne Erskine, whose earlier books "When the Gates Lift up their Heads," and "The Mountain Girl," have had an enormous vogue in America. The first of these, her first novel, dealt with the Southern race problem and brought a storm of criticism about her head, the book being banned in the South until the anger against it was somewhat abated. Mrs. Erskine was born near Racine, Wisconsin; her mother was an American descended from Puritan and French Huguenot ancestors, but her father was an English artist who went to America from Warwickshire. No violently controversial matters enter into her latest story, "Joyful Heatherby," which is the chequered but idyllic love story of a brilliant young artist and a girl who misunderstood and for a while distrusted him.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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From "August Strindberg," by L. Lind-af-Hageby (Stanley Paul), reviewed on page 135

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THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

DAVID WHITELAW.

THERE are times—perhaps it is indiscreet to say so—when one grows very tired of hearing our latter-day playwrights and novelists talk too seriously about their art. One wishes they would leave off talking about it and get on with their work. That was Shakespeare's way; it was Scott's and Dumas' way; and it was the best way, for ever since our imaginative writers became too self-conscious of their gifts they have been producing beautifully delicate little things instead of robustly beautiful great things.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. David Whitelaw.**

I am not going to do anything so foolish as to compare Mr. David Whitelaw with Scott or Dumas, but it is a point in his favour that he has begun in the right spirit of those inimitable masters. He starts with the modest idea that the business of the novelist is first and last and all the time to tell a good story; but his modesty is not excessive—he is not contented apparently to unfold such a tale as shall hold "children from their play and old men from the chimney-corner," his plain ambition is, in his own words, to write stories that shall "keep a reader out of his bed." "I would sooner that books of mine gave pleasure to ten thousand average readers," he says, "than that they should fail to please those and appeal only to the more artistic sensibilities of a select few." An ambition that he is to some extent realising already. He has now eight novels to his name, and from the appearance of his first, "McStodger's Affinity," in 1896, his reputation as a popular novelist has steadily grown. His second book, "The Gang," a cleverly contrived and vigorously written sensational story, furnished a subject for the "Book of the Week" article in *M.A.P.*, and was uncommonly well received by the public as well as by the critics. His third novel, "Moon of Valleys," met with an equally favourable reception; and his fourth, "Princess Galva," swaggered in the lists among the "best sellers" of its season. Then, in quick succession, came "The Man with the Red Beard," "The Secret of Chauville," and the "Girl from the East"—each, in the strength and quality of its workmanship and in the width of its appeal to the world of general readers, marking a distinct advance on its predecessor; and last month was published "The Little Hour of Peter Wells," which I do not hesitate to say is the ablest and most taking of any story he has yet written.

Like many another novelist, Mr. Whitelaw came to the writing of fiction more or less by accident. His early inclinations were towards pictorial art, and he studied for some years at Heatherley's and in Paris. He comes of artistic stock. His great-grandfather, who was a pupil of Romney's and used to tramp the country on sketching tours with Constable and Turner, exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy from 1796 to 1837, the year of his death. When Mr. Whitelaw left his student days behind him and settled down to business in London, he took up the art of designing book-covers, and before long his work was figuring on the covers of books written by many well known authors and published by Messrs. Methuen, Chatto & Windus, Fisher Unwin, Blackwood, Hutchinson, Hodder and Stoughton, Constable, Blackie, Cassell, and other of the leading London firms. And it was the reading of so many novels for the purpose of selecting subjects for his designs that turned Mr. Whitelaw's thoughts towards the writing of novels himself. He believed he could do it, and made the attempt; and the success of his first effort led him to go on to other and increasingly large successes.

He is essentially a romancist. With the sordid and more squalid developments of what passes under the name of realistic fiction he has no sympathy whatever. He frankly confesses that it bores him to read it, and he would find no pleasure in writing it or in trying to. He delights in finding romance in the commonplace surroundings of his everyday life. There is less satisfaction, he feels, in writing romantic tales about the past, for the past is all romance ready to your hand. Time puts a subtle glamour even over the worst of it. For instance, he has it on record that one of his own ancestors assisted in the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, and he takes a

certain sinful pride in the fact. If a quite recent relative of his had been hanged for murdering an unimportant neighbour he would be ashamed to mention it; but he has not the least shame in being descended from the remote gentleman who took part in that sixteenth century crime at Saint Andrews Castle; partly because the victim was a great Cardinal, partly because he deserved his unpleasant fate, but mainly because the incident is long enough ago to have been so transmuted that it shines from far off with a natural glory of romance. You have no such help from the cunning years when your tale is one of your own day; and yet, for any man who has the temperament and the imaginative vision to see the flower in the seed the possibilities and suggestion of romance lie in every person we pass upon the street, in every incident that happens in the everyday life around us. It was the seeing a mild little city clerk leaning over London Bridge, watching with dreaming eyes a vessel making its way down stream towards the open sea and all the wonder of unknown lands, that gave Mr. Whitelaw the idea for his story of "Princess Galva." Walking one night, more recently, through Bloomsbury he crossed Bloomsbury Square; snow was falling; a thin powder of white covered the Square, and nobody else was abroad in it except a solitary turbanned Indian gentleman under an umbrella. The very sight of him there seemed to turn all Bloomsbury into a province of romance, and it supplied Mr. Whitelaw with a hint that he elaborated into his last year's novel, "The Girl from the East." One other such instance—some years back Mr. Whitelaw used to go occasionally to the Covent Garden balls; more than once he came from them and passed through Covent Garden about daybreak, before the market had wakened into life, when the place to be soon so roaringly busy was silent, lonely, shadow-haunted. Remembering it lately as he had seen it on those mornings, and the sense of mystery and sleeping romance that brooded over it at such an hour, he felt it was the predestined scene of the picturesque events with which he opens his latest romance, "The Little Hour of Peter Wells." Peter is a clerk in the market; he used to ride to it every morning from Holloway on his bicycle, and one morning as he is riding early into its quiet and still lonely square he nearly runs over a strange foreigner, dressed as a buck of the Georgian period, and evidently coming from a Covent Garden ball. He apologises to the ungracious masquerader, passes on, lets himself in to the yet unopened warehouse, climbs to his small back office and proceeds to dust things. The back office overlooks a narrow *cul de sac* in which his employer stacks part of his stock, and presently, throwing up the window to shake his duster, Peter glances out and is shocked to see what looks like the dead body of a man who is dressed like a pierrot lying beside some small crates of oranges. Pulling himself together, he hurries down and out and finds that, though there is blood on the man and his fantastic clothing is torn as if in a struggle, he is not dead. This is the glamorous beginning of the one great romance that broke upon Peter's otherwise drab existence; and before the end of it, he had been dispatched by this second masquerader, who died before he could give Peter his final instructions, on a secret mission overseas, and had taken a stirring and dazzling share in a gallant conspiracy to restore a king to his throne. Incidentally, whilst he is involved in these great happenings, Peter sees and loves a high-born lady, and this phase of the story is handled by the author with most delicate skill and tactfully shaped to its probable, most matter-of-fact conclusion. There is to be no aristocratic bride for Peter; that would have exaggerated the romance and spoilt it; he is back in England before she marries one in her own sphere, and the only sight he has of the wedding procession is when it appears on a cinematograph screen at a picture palace he is visiting in the Upper Street, Islington, and—a delightfully natural touch—he is so carried out of himself by his enthusiasm as he watches the movements of the familiar figures that he is ejected from the theatre for creating a disturbance. The whole story is steeped in sheer romance, and is the more romantic because it centres on the commonplace person of Peter Wells, and so much of actual present-day life enters into its composition. It is certainly the high-water mark of Mr. Whitelaw's achievement, and full of promise that it will not remain so.

Most of Mr. Whitelaw's novels have appeared serially in the *Morning Leader*, *Melbourne Argus*, *Sydney Times*, *Sydney Morning Herald*, and other papers in England and the Colonies; two were translated and appeared serially in the *Coriere della Sera*, and translations of all of them, in book form, have been published in France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain and Italy. He has written, too, a good many short stories for the *Story-Teller*, the *Red*, and other of the monthly magazines. He has travelled much on the Continent and as far afield as New York, but nowadays, though his business as a journalist brings him to London every day, he lives in a pleasant house on the cliff outside Brighton, where he has fixed up a big telescope and makes a hobby of Astronomy. He has made some progress with a new novel that begins and ends in modern Paris but draws its story out of the French Revolution; and his amateur star-gazing has supplied him with a very remarkable idea, the nucleus of a story that when it is written and makes its appearance is likely to cause something of a sensation and raise a storm of controversy. Still a young man—I had almost said a very young man—with a real enthusiasm for his work and a surely growing skill in the doing of it, to say that Mr. Whitelaw has his world before him is to state a literal fact, and to add that he will go far in it is to venture upon a safe prophecy.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE READER.

EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

By Thomas Seccombe.

APART from the poet and "humanist" (as the subject of this brief appreciation likes at times to be called) the name of Gosse cannot have been wholly unfamiliar to many middle-class people who happened to be born in the sixties of the last century. The mezzo-tint engraver, Thomas Gosse, does not suggest anything very definite to my recollection; but the works of his son, Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., the naturalist of rotifers and sea anemones, were extremely favourite gift books and prize books in the early seventies. A bright red book by this sea-adept, entitled "The Ocean," was often visible in those days as a "table-book," and excited hopes which it failed to fulfil only because the work was pervaded by a breath of edification exceedingly repugnant to the youthful mind. The poet subsequently enshrined the memory of his father in a memoir which is a work of art and deserves a much higher place as a biographical record, and as a model of natural and unaffected English, than it has yet received. Mr. Gosse performed the same service on a much smaller scale for another member of his family who has contributed permanently to the annals of natural history. I refer of course to his aunt, Lizzie Brightwen, whose astonishing success in appealing to the friendly instincts of animals is responsible for a book, "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," so ingenuous and at the same time so fascinating that it has come to rank with "Black Beauty," "The Lives of the Hunted," and "Billy and Hans," among the "animal classics."

As an autobiographer of boyhood Mr. Gosse is as prolific as Mr. Henry James. He sits down to scribble a few jottings and before he has reached the age of fifteen discovers that he has filled a shapely octavo volume. It is doubtful to me whether since the days of Edward VI. any English boy has ever had such a thorough Protestant bringing-up as Mr. Gosse. If he had been educated in a spare corner of his pillar by St. Simeon Stylites he could not have been more effectually elevated and isolated above his species. It is this isolation which makes the unparalleled history of his youth so deeply interesting. At seventeen, however—happily for all concerned save one—the young Edmund declined from his high saint-hood, studied successfully in London, passed the Civil Service examination and entered the Printed Books Department at the British Museum as an assistant. The British Museum was then and for some time after a nest of singing birds, including such songsters as Patmore, O'Shaughnessy, Garnett, and now Gosse. The bibliographers dissolved at four and reformed themselves into small committees for the reading and registration of poetry. Romantic poetry was a sweet intoxication to them. Dr. Garnett has told me how in these days he walked north or west with Coventry Patmore absorbed in Browning or it may be Shelley and, like them, confident of the imminent regeneration of mankind through the medium of immortal verse. Mr. Gosse may occasionally have been of the company. He has told us how often in these days he would bump up against Swinburne threading his way like a somnambulist amid the traffic of the Gray's Inn Road—in which environment the poet's large brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy; but his beautifully elaborated and balanced delineation of the poet deserves exact transcription.

"He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso papavera collo*, he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying 'Good-night,' he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat, like a grass-hopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Edmund Gosse.**

(Specially taken for The Bookman.)

At the Museum, too, Gosse also saw, *vidit tantum*, the Golden Shepherd and God of the Golden Bow, then

Poet Laureate. His ambition was aflame already to escape from the dead weight of prose and rotten morocco in the entrails of the Bloomsbury palace. He was always a scorner of prosaic fact, and by 1871 he seems to have formulated a plan of escape. A good linguist, he designed to take his holidays in Copenhagen and Christiania and with the aid of the knowledge thus acquired to make a strenuous bid for a Translatorship or Interpretership. In all this he was eminently successful. He reached Copenhagen in romantic mood in July, 1872, and soon found his way to the heart of the susceptible Danes. One of the generation of aunts in the society to which he had attached himself, described the newcomer as a very old-fashioned and poetic young man. Her souvenirs of the Denmark of a past age are thus entertainingly rendered.

"When my brothers and I were growing up, young people seemed to live for nothing but poetry, painting and music—yes, and, in Copenhagen, for the theatre. We used to long so for moonlit nights and walks in the beech-woods. There has been such a complete change in the mode of life in Denmark. My brother says we were all too sentimental in those days, but it was the fashion to be very quiet. People were poor, and there were few amusements, but everyone could afford to read poetry. I remember, when I was a girl of sixteen or seventeen, walking to and fro in the park at Frederiksberg, with my sister, for hours in the hope of seeing Oehlenschläger go by; and when he came, we did not see him, because we had involuntarily closed our eyes in reverence. That spirit is all gone—it is like a fairy-tale. But I think you are a very old-fashioned young man and a little sentimental, too; so here we sit and read Paludan-Müller's verses aloud! It seems as though it were forty years ago, and Paludan-Müller himself, who is now so old and frail, was a handsome young man, just come back from Italy with the manuscript of *Adam Homo* in his valise."

Edmund Gosse and his Father (1857).

From "Father and Son," by Edmund Gosse, of which Mr Heinemann is publishing an edition de luxe this Autumn.

In my opinion Mr. Gosse has written very little superior in charm and veracity to his "Two Visits to Denmark."* By some intimate quality or magic the author manages always to convey and preserve the light and atmosphere which attaches somehow to all authentic work about the Scandinavian latitude. The two visits of '72 and '74 enabled him to obtain a valuable working synopsis of Northern letters. He became a frequenter of Gyldendal's bookshop, which was at Copenhagen what Allan Ramsey's was formerly at Edinburgh. He met veterans such as Grundtvig, Madvig, Hans Andersen, Paludan-Müller, Martensen and Munch, who dwelt with singular unction for their guest's benefit upon the grotesque blunders and inconsistencies of the English, and above all Georg Brandes whom Mr. Gosse tried in vain to convert to the cult of Laus Veneris, Dolores and the Fleurs du Mal. Brandes in this instance was delightfully obstinate and refused to see in Beaudelaire anything but *un sale monsieur*. E.G. had to suffer vicariously for his country from some of these stark Northerners, such as the Norse novelist Cammilla Collett, who (egged on by her host the remorseless Munch), observed aggressively to our humanist across a full table "You belong, young sir, to a nation of shopkeepers." Dauntless in his championship of our nationality Mr. Gosse sought in 1874 to naturalise the Plum Pudding in Scandinavia, this dainty being regarded by all Northern readers of Dickens as an almost sacred symbol and emblem of the great Yule festival. A feast was organised to celebrate its introduction. Unfortunately Mr. Gosse when he handed the pudding to the cook had forgotten to mention that it must be boiled in the cloth. What happened was that, between the fish and the joint, a large tureen appeared in the doorway, and was handed to each person, who ladled out a small portion in the porcelain saucer in front of him. Having been taken out of the pudding-cloth to be boiled, it was now served as a *purée*, eaten in microscopic quantities, declared to be delicious, and pronounced by a gushing lady to "bring the dear English people *so* near to her."

The guest on this occasion repaid the generosity of his Danish friends by becoming, in season and out of season, an advocate of Northern Lights. Later on he became sponsor of Ibsen and Björnson, as at present he sang the praises of Tegner, Winther, Vigfusson, etc. He was justified in his enthusiasm for these Northern languages by his appointment in 1875 as Translator to the Board of Trade. He now became not only a cultivator, but, to an increasing extent, a patron of poets. He discovered one, as is well known, in the precincts of Whitehall itself, and contributed in no small measure, by his sympathy and encouragement, to the unfolding of Mr. Austin Dobson's delicate poetic endowment. The Board was no grim task-master, and Mr. Gosse, the critic, was diligent at his desk from 8.30 to 10.30 before he had from 11 to 5 to translate himself into a Board of Trade official. He had already produced a slim volume in 1873, "On Viol and Flute," and these verses were followed in turn by "New Poems," 1879, "Firdausi in Exile," 1885, and "In Russet and Silver," 1894. In these volumes, as represented in his "Collected Poems" of 1911,† no great development is traceable, and indeed, it was the author's conviction that a verse-writer "learns his business suddenly at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his

* Smith, Elder. † Heinemann.

Photo by Francis R. Elwell, Weston-super-Mare. **May, 1873.**

Photo by W. Widger, Torquay. **1862.**

Photo by Robert Faulkner & Co. **Nov. 1877.**

Three early portraits of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

skill as a craftsman falls from him." Mr. Gosse was always an admirer of musical sound, colour and technique, and a keen discriminator of metrical forms. His own poetic inspiration, if dependent ultimately upon the initiative of the great masters, was none the less genuine. In such a title as "Firdausi in Exile" he seems to me to have out-Browninged Browning. The inspiration of such a stanza as the following again, is not particularly remote:

"My England, where the grass is deep,
And burns with buttercups in May,
Whose brookside violets nod in sleep
Washed purer purple by the spray;
My England of the August corn,
The heavy-headed waving gold,
Sweet blossoming land
from bourne to bourne
Whose name and
speech I hold."

But his best work of all, perhaps, is done in the form of the sonnet of Historic Circumstance, which Hérédia later, in "Les Trophées," made peculiarly his own—good examples being "The Bath," with its very striking sestet, and the better known "On a Lute found in a Sarcophagus."

"What curled and scented
sun-girls, almond-eyed,
With lotus-blossoms in
their hands and hair,
Have made their swarthy
lovers call them fair
With these spent strings, when
brutes were deified,
And Mammon in the sunrise
sprang and cried,
And love-words smote
Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carven
Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts
from far and wide!
This lute has out-sung Egypt; all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart,
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded."

Mr. Edmund Gosse.
From a photograph taken in New York, by G. C. Cox, in December, 1884.

As an essayist the taste and enthusiasm of Mr. Gosse have stood him in good stead, but always as a student of personalities, or at any rate on the borderland between literary history and biography, rather than as a pure scholar or thinker. Thus there is, in most of his best critical writing, a strong touch of modern irony, of sly malice, and of garrulous indiscretion, of course in the very best sense. In his exploration of dry-as-dust material or abstract subject-matter, he soon shows signs of fatigue. When he is really observing the subject-matter, no critic can be more subtle or more adroit than he. As a *causeur* on literary topics he is full of humour, with very often a gleam of allusive pleasantry in the highest degree agreeable. Though not unconscious of these limitations, his knowledge has not precluded him from invading the often arid realms of research. Small discoveries have lured him into dangerous quagmires, and perhaps no commentator of recent days has been more severely taken to task than he, no biter more savagely bitten. This was especially the case, of course, with his books on Seventeenth Century Studies, dealing with the transition "From Shakespeare to Pope," the "Jacobean Poets," and the compendious

"Life and Letters of Dr. Donne," 1899, based upon materials originally collected by Dr. Jessopp. All these have a value of their own, but none of them seem quite likely to be able to stand the wear and tear of rival research or close critical investigation. Geography, Mr. Gosse tells us, was always his strong subject as a boy. There is no doubt that chronology has always been his bane, and indeed it might almost be said of him, as Disraeli once said of his wife, that he was never quite certain which came first, the Greeks or the Romans. Despite his genius, therefore, in the matter of glosses and conjectures, his critical and historical work is always liable to deduction for minute errors in points of cold physical fact, and especially in some of his most suggestive work, dealing with the Jacobean poets, Waller, Gray, Thomson, the author of "John Buncle," and even Swinburne. His light-hearted indifference to the iron laws of time and circumstance has always hampered him. In some respects he bears a curious resemblance to Andrew Lang. Both of them are far better as chroniclers and contemporary biographers, than as serious philosophic critics or historians, both at their best when the vein of humour was most buoyant, light, gay, spontaneous, or mocking. But no, they were not content with this, and would never rest until they had set up as cyclopædists. It is as difficult at times to imagine why they should have done this, as to imagine a delicate barb endeavouring to adapt itself to the burden of a camel; or if we may for a moment adopt a simile derived from the categories of the prize ring, the incongruity would be no less than that of a featherweight setting himself up to figure as a "light-heavy." But let us by no means incur the imputation of seeking to bandy witty remarks with Mr. Gosse, a writer of persiflage and ridicule, who has no living rival. What we are seeking to emphasise is that his best work is not to be found amid the ponderosities of literary history, or full-length biography, but among the lighter literary vignettes scattered among his Critical Essays, collected under such titles as "Gossip in a Library," "Questions at Issue," "Critical Kit-Kats," and "Portraits and Sketches." Some of his contemporary portraits are quite inimitable, such as this wonderful little miniature of Andrew Lang, the more felicitous because, like most good descriptions, it contains a good deal of the describer:

Mr. Edmund Gosse.
From a portrait by John S. Sargent, R.A., painted in February, 1886.

"The charm of Andrew Lang's person and company was founded upon a certain lightness, an essential gentleness and elegance which were relieved by a sharp touch; just as a very dainty fruit may be preserved from mawkishness by something delicately acid in the rind of it. His nature was slightly inhuman; it was unwise to count upon its sympathy beyond a point which was very easily reached in social intercourse. If any simple soul showed an inclination, in eighteenth-century phrase, to 'repose on the bosom' of Lang, that support was immediately withdrawn, and the confiding one fell among thorns. Lang was like an Angora cat, whose gentleness and soft fur, and general aspect of pure amenity, invite to caresses, which are suddenly met by the outspread paw with claws awake. This uncertain and freakish humour was the embarrassment of his friends, who, however, were preserved from despair by the fact that no malice was meant, and that the weapons were instantly sheathed again in velvet. Only, the instinct to give a sudden slap, half in play, half in fretful caprice, was incorrigible."

Now, all Mr. Gosse's best critical work is done when it is affiliated to live portraits of this kind. He attaches himself as gossip and interpreter to authors of, for preference, a rather precious idiosyncrasy of their own, such as Pater, Rossetti, Patmore, Ibsen, Swinburne, Browning, FitzGerald or Stevenson, and then, with the minuteness of an Aubrey, he furnishes a mental, moral, and physical *résumé*, the nicety and subtlety of which are bound to astonish the most incredulous person. His work on the literary personalities of the past is at its best when it approximates most to this method, as in the cases of Donne, Browne, Taylor, Congreve, Gray and Keats. But the fullest scope of all for his powers is seen in the different varieties of autobiography, and if he publishes "A Diary," it will not only be the crown of his work, but the one live commentary for all time of the critical era of the transit of Victoria.

An extremely literary person seldom leaves much permanent fruit behind him. Take Leigh Hunt, for instance; for all the literary instruction he gave to his age, he has left nothing fine enough in quality to be reverently preserved to-day. Mr. Gosse has been a great virtuoso of polite Letters, and a volatile Mercury from one literary nation to another—interpreter to degenerate descendants of the Songs and Sagas of the Vikings of to-day. But it may well be doubted whether as a literary critic pure and simple, he has enough weight and metal to stand pre-eminent. Like Spence, he has known poets, and has collected many anecdotes about them; some at first hand are exquisite, others, perhaps, are rather too good to be true, like the story of the man at the opening of the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury, who went about anxiously enquiring what had been done for the widow, and when it was gently conveyed to him that there was no widow, avowed that he had made a mistake, having imagined that the monument erected was in honour of Marwood, inventor of the long drop!

The literary life of our Atticus was in certain respects one of inevitable unrealities. But there was, as it proved, a background to it, a background of strong and absolute sincerity, engendered by a growing and progressive dislike of the dogmatic religion in which he had been nurtured. His good genius directed him at all hazards to exploit this living stream, which gushed up from the bottom of the well, and the result was, as is widely recognised, one of the unmistakable masterpieces of Letters. Masters of fiction, from Charles Dickens to H. G. Wells, have written autobiographically about their own childhood, but not one of them had the advantage of having being reared in a Calvinist cloister, and venerated at the age of ten as "an infant Samuel." Mr. Gosse has a small plot of ground all to himself. A critic, it must be seen, is a superior person who gains a hearing by selecting, interpreting, and judging other writers. He cannot be expected to outlive the authors he seeks to justify. Unless indeed his criticism be a model for all successive ages, such as the volume of badinage which Anatole France directs with such pitiless force against the "Volonté" of Mons. Georges Ohnet. But in "Father and Son," * we have the revelation, not of a superior being, but of an absolutely normally human boy. The conflict of creeds between the two generations is an experience which literally thousands now living have traversed. But in this case the conflict assumed from the first an acute form. The dawning of the realisation by the son that his father is not omniscient, and the mixture of slyness, discretion, and boyish innocence give an opportunity for a nuanced, but candid and most delicately humorous narration of which the author takes the fullest possible advantage. Of living writers, there are only two or three at most (*e.g.* Laurence Housman) who would be capable of anything of this kind, and not one of them has ever had such an unrivalled opportunity as that afforded to Mr. Gosse by his unique upbringing.

Since 1904, to the elegant regret of some of his admirers, Mr. Gosse has been caught up into a world of light, having ascended into the upper sphere; he has become what Dr. Johnson called "a wit among lords"; he mingles easily with the supernal beings who are authors without toil, and prose-writers without tears. No more does he organise victory for young poets; no longer is the mirth of his "Twelfth Night parties" heard in Kensington; he is still, no doubt, a beacon of light to foreign artists and bookmen of distinction. To some extent, however, he is withdrawn from the conflicts of taste and the conceits of opinion, in which he once took such unequivocal delight, and now watches the efforts of the double-flute players of the Poetry Shop in a more detached manner, from a serener air. By these young singers he is no longer regarded with quite the same intimacy of affection as one of the shepherds on Parnassus. One feels, in a moment of sympathetic illumination, that here should have been found the President of an English Academy. The De Goncourts would have found in Mr. Gosse a President after their own heart. In the department of "The Graces," to which Lord Chesterfield did so much homage, he stands pre-eminent. His English prose, suave, caressing and bland gives him a strong claim to act as president and chief spokesman, wherever *prose de circonstance* is in request. As a delineator and designer of character, amid a long succession of illustrious draughtsmen and pastellists since the days of Earle, Overbury and Clarendon, he stands to-day probably without a rival, and, where necessary, he is quite capable of blending some of the acid of Hervey or Pope, should the pigment on his pallette require any qualification of that kind. His graceful criticism is keenly appreciated in France. Mr. Davray, the well known Anglo-French critic of the *Mercure* and translator of *Perè et Fils*, has recently held a brilliant reception in Mr. Gosse's honour in his fine old house in the Rue Servandoni. Mr. Gosse almost literally exhales tact on an occasion like this. As an ambassador of English Language and Literature abroad he is absolutely *Premier Choix*.

Mrs. Edmund Gosse.
From a painting by T. Blake Wirgman.

SWINBURNE.†

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT so happened that after the present reviewer had read Mr. Drinkwater's book with considerable, if not unmixed, satisfaction, and in the interval which it is always desirable to interpose between reading and reviewing (in order that things may have time to "cook" in the mind), he came across the judgment of a brother of the craft on the book. In it there occurred, after a citation, the words "He means"—with a para-

* Heinemann. † "Swinburne." By John Drinkwater. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

phrase following. The expression was quite evidently not "meant sarcastic," for it appeared that this critic also was satisfied with the book; nor did it perhaps bear the same interpretation as that which, here at least, will be put on it. But it is certain—and it is about the only fault, or the only serious one, which will be found with the book here—that Mr. Drinkwater is by no means seldom in need of an interpreter; and that not merely to dull or prejudiced understandings. The mere fact, indeed, that without either biographical detail (not that we desiderate that) or elaborate account of the contents of the various books (which also may quite well be wanting) he has devoted two hundred pages to a critical study of one who, both as poet and as prose writer, is so much "of a piece" as Swinburne, will almost speak for itself. One cannot but think that an essay of twenty or thirty pages—of forty or fifty at most—would not only have been sufficient for the purpose, but would have caught up that purpose and driven it home with infinitely greater alacrity, vigour and effect than a book, even if not a very large book, of two hundred. But as it used to be a complaint years ago that people boiled down folios into duodecimos, so it seems now to be the hour of watering out articles into duodecimos themselves, if not into something bigger.

That it would be quite possible to write two hundred well-filled pages about the almost always delightful and often glorious work of the poet's half century of composition in both harmonies, no one could admit or assert more cheerfully than the present writer.

But can this sort of thing be said to be good "filling?

By kind permission o Fredk. Hollyer. **Mr. Edmund Gosse (1899).**

"Words, when the poets are writing thus, stand tiptoe with all kinds of strange adventure calling on them. They may at any time be put to some unaccustomed yet perfect use. The words themselves, separate and not yet quickened, the poet holds in his deliberations; but their flowering into language is a ritual of which the poet himself can tell nothing until its consummation. And the divine visitation that invests the veriest drudge among words with something more than royalty, will as readily use one true poet to its purpose as another."

Now what "he means" here need not task even the plain man much. His meaning is identical with, and, of course, quite legitimately derived from, Tennyson's "flowering in a lonely word," and he has worked up this poetic thought into Paterio-Meredith-esque expression in a dozen lines (a dozen inoriginal) of prose. But would it not have been quite as effective if it had been put at a quarter the length? and if we had been spared this curious pot-pourri of things which "stand tiptoe" apparently before they are quickened; which—unquickened but tiptoe and listening to adventure—are somehow "held" by the poet; which then (but we suppose by this time quickened) tiptoe, listening, and held, "flower," so that having been previously "drudges" they are "invested with royalty" while the whole proceeding is "a ritual," of which the said poet can (and no shame to him!) "tell nothing until its consummation?" We may put aside the point that the position which this language is intended to support—that the most extraordinarily beautiful passages of the greatest poets are *not* specially characteristic of them—is a very doubtful one. But is not the language itself perilously near *galimatias?* And if this be thought too harsh, is it not at least evident that the force and drive of what is, after all, a piece of something like polemic, must be to no small extent slackened and blunted by this wrapping of the meaning in swathes of even pleasantly coloured cotton wool? If one did not agree with Mr. Drinkwater's general purpose one might be thankful for the handles he has thus given to criticism; but when one does agree with him in the main, it is annoying.

His chief thesis, though a fanciful and even a whimsical one, is ingenious, and there is a certain amount of truth in it, though it requires, in his hands, postulates and axioms which one may be loth to grant. The common charge of the enemy against the author of *Poems and Ballads* is, of course, always has been, and probably always will be, that he is a poet of words, not of thought. Now, Mr. Drinkwater either fears or refuses to swing himself up into the high and impregnable places, which neither the waves of such attack nor even the foam of them can reach—the position that poetry *is* a matter of the Word. He is very anxious to prove, and he accumulates fair arguments to prove, that Swinburne has plenty of thought, plenty of life, plenty of other things. But he admits, or rather advances, a theory that the poet having, by divine assistance, discovered a marvellous form of words, of which he was master, proceeded to use it, generally in accordance with a worthy mood or meaning, but sometimes without "a high agreement between the life which is in the imagination and the life which is in the language." This is ingenious—very ingenious—but we rather fear that if the Accuser (as he

generally does) exercises his right of reply, he will simply observe "Thou sayest it." "There is no trace," says Mr. Drinkwater elsewhere, "of imaginative fusion behind the marvellous felicity of phrasing," "Translated into plain English," the Devil's Advocate, we fear, will reply: "that means there is no thought behind the words."

The real point is, however, that Mr. Drinkwater is on the side of the defence and the angels, even if his manner of conducting the case sometimes resembles that of Mr. Phunky rather than that of Serjeant Snubbin. One may think indeed that — especially towards the end of the book — he takes the attack itself far too seriously. Somebody, it seems, has said that Swinburne is "of quite minor importance as a poet." Now, before taking any count of this opinion it is desirable to know what is the importance of the person himself as a critic. There seems to be "a new generation of critical opinion which protests against Swinburne." But we have seen so many new generations of critics; and their protests have so often had so very little importance in them! So many dogs have barked; and what has become of the barkings? That Swinburne, with very definite faults and flaws such as most, if not all, the great poets have had, is of those poets, no one who has a catholic knowledge of poetry is at all likely to deny, though one judge may put him higher and another lower. What the other people say simply does not matter. It tells one something about them; nothing about their subject. "They say. . . . Let them say"—the intermediate position "What say they?" being really superfluous.

Mr. Edmund Gosse in his Library at Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

From an etching by Miss Sylvia Gosse, an exhibition of whose drawings was recently held at the Carfax Gallery.

In the estimation of his faults and his views, however, there may be endless and profitable difference of opinion. That Mr. Drinkwater, while admitting that Swinburne never wrote a good drama, and while criticising his plays at rather surprising length, credits him with actual dramatic faculty to no small extent, may seem strange. The explanation is probably that, having a great admiration for his author, and (as is evident) a great liking for the drama, he thinks that Swinburne *ought* to have been a great dramatist. Indeed, one of the most curious passages of his book upbraids not merely his actual hero, but Tennyson, Browning and Morris, because while they "have moments of dramatic poetry that might have made a new golden age" they did not make it. It is true that he sets down the main fault to the unfortunate "Victorian" theatre. "Shakespeare's theatre contributed largely to the formative excellence of his plays." Did it? One would rather say that the poets from Peele and Lyly, through Marlowe and Shakespeare himself and Jonson onwards, made the Elizabethan theatre; that the Georgian theatre, admirably as it was manned from Garrick to Charles Lamb's days, failed to make dramatic poets; and that putting these two facts together, and adding the actual practice of Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne (it is surely impossible that Morris could ever have been a dramatist), the conclusion at which arrival seems most reasonable is—well, not Mr. Drinkwater's.

His book, however, so often excites sympathy and even applause, that one is unwilling to cavil at it. Even the singular prudery (Victorian, surely, quite Victorian) with which he deplores Swinburne's prolonged dallying with that Circe or Calypso the anapæst, shall not provoke us much. It is true, of course, that the anapæst

is *the* wand (to change the metaphor but little) of which Mr. Swinburne is *the* magician; that he has got such effects out of it as never were dreamt of in English poetry before, and have not been approached in fifty years, nor are likely to be improved upon in five hundred. But let that pass—Mr. Drinkwater is not only a generous praiser of Swinburne, but he is a generous admirer of Morris too; and there is hardly a possibility of a man admiring both, from the poetical side, unless he has the root of the poetical matter in him. He seems, indeed, altogether inclined to praise rather than to blame; and that, unless it be done with a "foolish face" which is not his, is, after all, the best test of a critic. Any fool can find fault, not merely with another fool but with a wise man; it is only some fools, and those seldom of the worst kind, who can admire with anything like a genuine admiration. Neither let us end this review with any talk of fools at all, for Mr. Drinkwater is certainly not one; he is a critic and writer of worth and promise who has only the usual measles of fashionable jargon to recover from and outgrow.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt. Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

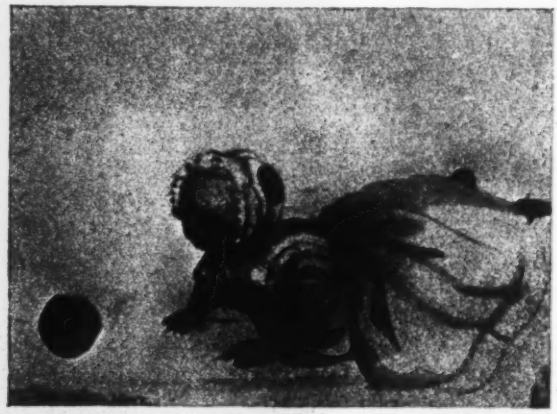
I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original sonnet.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best twelve lines of verse giving advice to young poets against the use of false rhymes, such as *dawn, scorn, joy, sky*, etc.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.



Edmund Gosse.

From a water-colour sketch made early in 1850, when he was only a few months old.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st July from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. (The time for receipt of poems from residents in the British Isles expired on 2nd June.) Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Ballad is awarded to Mr. Cyril G. Taylor, of Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire, for the following:

BALLAD OF THE WINDING ROAD.

I am the Road, the Winding Road,
And this is the song of me:
In rain or shine, I twist and twine
As far as the eye can see.
And though men may rest on my cold, white breast,
I stretch to Eternity!

I am the Road, the Silent Road,
The symbol of Right and Wrong!
I'm old and hard, and my face is scarred
By the feet of the ceaseless throng;
By the winds that lust for my wanton dust:
By the skies which have proved me strong!

I am the Road, the Gleaming Road,
That calls to the sons of men
To quit the toil of their native soil
For the cities beyond their ken.
And I lure the pride of the countryside
From mountain and moor and fen!

I am the Road, the Gay Young Road,
That leads to the haunts of Fame!
My hedgerows ring with the songs of Spring,
And the west wind breathes my name!
And the sun's warm glance sets my pools a-dance
Till my heart is a big, white flame!

I am the Road, the Sorrowing Road,
That lies at the feet of night!
I hide my hurts in her trailing skirts,
And I shrink from the fierce moonlight
That makes gaunt ghosts of my finger-posts,
And powders my milestones white!

I am the Road, the Old, Old Road,
And nobody holds me wise!
But a man has debts—and a man forgets
When the road behind him lies . . .
Oh I've seen disgrace on a woman's face,
And death in her staring eyes!

I am the Road, the Winding Road,
And this is the song of me:
In rain or shine, I twist and twine
As far as the eye can see.
For a man must play, and a woman pay,
And a road wind eternally!

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

We also select for printing:

NERINA.

How sweet she was when the June light was gleaming
On the rich masses of her raven hair.
A shadow deep in her dark eyes lay dreaming,
Telling my heart love waited prison'd there.
How sweet she was, so thoughtful, true, and tender,
With crimson velvet roses on her breast.
I painted her amid the summer splendour,
My beautiful Nerina, purest, best!

Dear were those hours beside the golden river,
Till one gay laugh my pulses set on flame.
In the warm light I saw Nerina shiver,
And then her pale face flush'd with sudden shame—
When Melra came.

How pale she seem'd when the June light was waning:
The shadow in her eyes had deeper grown.
I painted her the while my heart was paining:
Did she still dream my love was all her own?
Then Melra's laugh I heard it softly ringing,
Somehow my brush fell at Nerina's feet.
I saw two tears on her black lashes clinging,
My beautiful Nerina, pale and sweet!

Dear were those hours beside the golden river,
Till one gay laugh my pulses set on flame.
In the warm light I saw Nerina shiver,
And then her pale face flush'd with sudden shame—
When Melra came.

How sweet she look'd when from the water chilly,
They laid her down beneath the moonlit skies.
As lovely as a fragile water lily,
Her long black lashes veil'd her lustrous eyes.
I call'd her name, and dried her raven tresses,
I kiss'd her smiling lips and cold white brow,
And cried: "In death thy gentle spirit guesses
Nerina! thou hast learnt I lov'd thee now."

* * * * *

I have her picture. Till my life's day closes,
Her face alone will seem most fair to me.
Upon her breast are crimson velvet roses,
And in her eyes a shadow dark I see.
Yet, now I hear a gay laugh softly pealing,
Melra is with me. Ah! I love her too.
And yet for thee I held the deeper feeling,
My beautiful Nerina, proud and true.

Can I forget her by the golden river,
That sets my pulses wildly yet on flame.
In the warm light I feel my heart-strings quiver—
I see Nerina near me just the same—
Ere Melra came.

(Marjorie W. Crosbie, "Earlswood," Avondale Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.).

THE YOUNGEST DRUMMER.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
On the heights above Assaye,
Left to wait the picket's coming,
Sat the youngest drummer drumming,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
Just before the day.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, with his favourite cat "Mopsiman."

From a photograph taken about 1908.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
Propped against a stone he lay,
Chilled with mist and slowly bleeding,
Numb with pain, yet all unheeding,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
Ere the dawn was grey.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
Far away and far away,
Still the selfsame call repeating
Rang the vibrant, steady beating,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
Beating without stay.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
Drowning in its swell dismay,
Full and rich and grown consoling
Went the stately music rolling,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
Down to hid Assaye.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
When the picket came that way,
Where he sat a grave they made him,
By his silent drum they laid him,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
In the sodden clay.

Tantarara; Tantarara;
Haply still at times you may
Hear a ghostly echo coming,
Hear the youngest drummer drumming,
Tantarara; Tantarara;
Just before the day.

(B. R. M. Hetherington, Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle.)

Very good ballads, several of equal merit with the two we have selected for printing, have been sent in by Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), John D. Smith (Milngavie), S. M. Northcott (West Kirby), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), H. A. Wood (Aberdeen), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), M. D. Baynes (Teignmouth), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), W. Morris (Bodmin), Mrs. C. P. F. F.; Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Elija Summers (Dukinfield), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), R. F. Reynolds (Llanbedr), B. M. Morris (Bath), B. Vickery (Bradford), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss Tootal (Kensington), J. D. Martin (Leeds), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), M. St. Clare Byrne (Hoylake), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), Miss E. Bourne (Seaford), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Ernest A. Kersten (Thornton Heath), A. J. Killoran (Balham Hill), William Kerr (Fraserburgh), Bernard McEvoy (Ilfracombe), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Eveline H. Swanson (East Finchley), Alex. Tealby (London, W.C.), Frank Brebner, Jun. (Aberdeen), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), Gwendoline D. Harold (High Barnet), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Rev. J. Wesley Houchin (Shenfield), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Emily Cornell (Norwood), G. M. Faulding (Bayswater), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), A. J. Brooks (S. Merstham), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), M. McDonnell (Glasgow), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Irene Rathbone (Wootton), Marjorie Christmas (Sevenoaks), Frank L. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Doris Dean (Bromley), Claude W. Cundy (Nottingham), Austen H. Pennington (Oldbury), Miss Stockton (Leamington Spa), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), G. von Tunzelmann (New Zealand), T. Scharf (London, E.).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. A. S. Barnard, of 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall, for the following:

THE COMPLETE ENGLISH SOCIALIST.
Review by JOSEPH CLAYTON.

"He seized his *clarion* straight."

W. S. GILBERT—*The Troubadour.*

We also select for printing:

A MAID OF METTLE. By Mrs. L. "ALIEN" BAKER. (Digby, Long.)

"She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe,
To her organ of Veneration!"

T. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg.*

(Maud Marion Burnell, 6, Wellesley Villas, Ashford, Kent.)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

"An'—wal, he up and kist her."

LOWELL—*The Courtin'.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

SURVEY OF THE WOMAN PROBLEM.
By MAYREDER AND HERMAN. (Heinemann.)

"I give it up."

LEWIS CARROLL.

(C. A. Bayley, 120, Main Street, Bangor, Down.)

A NECESSITY OF LIFE. By BETTY VAN DER GOES.

". . . his pocket-handkerchief."

LEWIS CARROLL—*The Walrus and the Carpenter.*

(Elsie Bradfield, Oaklands, Warminster.)

WAGNER WITHOUT TEARS. REVIEW BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

"An onion will do well for such a shift."

SHAKESPEARE—*The Taming of the Shrew.*

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best original epigram on any current literary topic or recent literary development is awarded to Miss E. M. Cooke, of The Poetry Bookshop, 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., for the following:

EPIGRAM ON A RECENT LITERARY DEVELOPMENT.
ON THE REDUCTION OF THE PRICE OF "THE TIMES" TO TWOPENCE.

Cheap things, 'tis said, are in the end most dear.
That they are "cheap" at all events is clear!
The Times, it seems, was dear and cheap as well—
'Twas cheap to buy, and yet too dear to sell:
(Though most men grant there's nothing "cheap" about it
And hold it far too dear to do without it),
And, now, to make the matter still more queer,
Its cost is nearly halved, and it is doubly dear.

Good epigrams have also been sent in by Headley V. Storey (Brighton), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. McDonnell (Glasgow), Frank Dale (Saxmundham), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), E. S. Heron (Chester), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Annie Jones (London, W.C.), Mrs. C. P. F. F. (Glasgow), A. Lee, Jun. (Southport), Miss A. M. Strickland (Farnham), Winifred M. Rich (Battersea), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Vernon H. Porter (Clapton.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. G. E. Wakerley, of 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts, for the following:

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERIC SHIELDS.
Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS. (Longmans.)

Mrs. Mills has made a contribution of real value to the history of British Art. The life-story of Frederic Shields, from the poverty of his youth, through the drudgery and striving of early manhood—dominated by a passion for Art—to the culmination of his work in the Chapel of the Ascension in Bayswater Road, makes a fascinating record. A character of strange moods and austerities, and great devoutness; a Puritan in life and outlook; his friendships were catholic in the extreme; including intimate relations with Rossetti and Madox Brown, and Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester.

We also select for printing:

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING.
By SIDNEY DARK. (Lane.)

Slavingtonville is a "model" town where Peptonized Soup has been manufactured by generations of puritanical Slavingtons. On to the throne of this unimaginative kingdom is pitchforked the unworthy Fenimore, the last of the male Slavingtons, and, incidentally, the first really human one. Slavingtonville irritates him. It is too perfect to be genuine. He knows his subjects for humbugs and machines. It is a "servile city" over which he rules. Laudably, though unwisely, he seeks to alter it. Disaster follows; and the King, to save his kingdom, cheerfully abdicates. An original, wittily-told story, written with a purpose, notwithstanding its author's disclaimer.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

STELLA MARIS. By W. J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

Believed to be suffering from an incurable illness, Stella Maris lies, overlooking the sea, in a room which, by tacit consent is regarded as a sanctuary into which none of life's evils may penetrate. Her friends build for her an imaginary world where goodness holds undisputed sway, but an unexpected cure causes this dream world to fall at her feet in ruins, and she sees things as they really are. Mr. Locke treats the situation with consummate art, and if the charge of sentimentalism is brought against him, it should add to, rather than detract from, the laurels he has already won.

(Dorothy M. Horne, 29, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.).

THE WEAKER VESSEL. By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann.)

"The Weaker Vessel" is one of Mr. Benson's best novels. The character-drawing is good, and the interest well-sustained. Harry Whittaker, though a slave to self-indulgence, holds our sympathy, while his artistic, strong-willed and loyal wife fascinates us. Louis Grey, the unselfish and high-souled actor-manager, is an ideal creation. We recognise the commonplace, Mrs. Ramsden with her faculty for making people uncomfortable; but Mr. Benson exaggerates the commonness of the simple, kindly, albeit shrewdly "climbing" Wilkins family, as is his custom in portraying the *nouveau-riche*. The proof-reading might have been more careful, and there are examples of loose and unidiomatic English.

(M. H. Menzies, Hackney College, Hampstead, N.W.).

THE INN OF TRANQUILITY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann.)

The appeal of these essays, allegories and sketches is very various, yet strangely identical. Discursive as they are, and sometimes slight of theme, a single steadfast interest underlies them all, growing, as we read, until it becomes absorbing. This interest resides in the disclosure of the author's personality—subtle, tender, sympathetic, impassioned yet controlled; an idealist subduing revolt into luminous irony but never stooping to acquiescence. The influence of a singularly lovable temperament is impressed on every page, and remains with us long after the book is closed and its incidents have grown misty in the mind.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, Kent.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), M. M. M. (Glasgow, W.), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Miss B. Kirby (Hoylake), A. W. Jennings (Devonport), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Rev. A. Brewin (Loughborough), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Miss V. Huish (Derby), Sybil Waller (Boscombe, Hants.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Beatrice McC. Smith (Acton, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Harrietsham, Kent), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), F. J. Overton (Sutton Coldfield), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), H. Elrington (Monkstown, Co. Dublin), Robert Bruce (Giggleswick), Hannah Shaw (Toledo, Ohio), D. Pratt (Chatteris), Joseph Hanton (Arbroath), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton, Bristol), M. Nicklin (Winscombe, Somerset), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley, Birmingham), Mary Kingdom (Leamington Spa), S. A. Doody (Boscombe, Hants.), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), William F. Spalding (Palmer's Green, N.), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Leonard Blake (West Ealing), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead, Essex), G. M. Fenwick (Hampstead, N.W.), K. T. Kyle (Belfast), M. St. Clare Byrne (Hoylake), J. Drummond C. Monfries (London, S.W.), Lucy C. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Charles Powell (Manchester), Donald M. (Antigua).

Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mr. Edmund Gosse.**
From a photograph taken in the Library of the House of Lords (1909).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Conway Hastings, of 10, Sandwell Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.

DICKENS IN AMERICA.

By W. ROBERTS.

DICKENS'S hold on American collectors has never been more strikingly demonstrated than at the exhibition of his works and of Dickensiana, opened at the Grolier Club, New York, on January 23rd, which I was privileged to visit through the kindness of my friend, Mr. A. F. Jaccaci. Apart from the Victoria and Albert Museum, this Grolier Club exhibition is one of the most interesting displays of its kind ever got together, its special strength being, not unnaturally, in American editions of Dickens's works and *ana* generally.

John Forster's forethought has preserved to the English nation most of the MSS. of Dickens's novels. There is, therefore, no possibility of any one person forming a large collection of such things. Yet the committee of the Grolier Club has had the good fortune to bring together for a few weeks the manuscripts, either entire or in part, of "The Pickwick Papers," "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," "Nicholas Nickleby," "A Christmas Carol," "The Battle of Life," "Out of Town," "The Best Authority," "His Brown Paper Parcel," "Hunted Down" and "A Holiday Romance," besides outline drafts of several short stories and so forth, apart from a number of autograph letters. Perhaps the earliest and the least known of these MSS. is the original petty cash book kept by Dickens when employed as a lawyer's clerk in the office of Edward Blackmore, Gray's Inn, with entries dating from January 5th to March 16th, 1828.

The portraits of Dickens range over a period of forty

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN. **Mr. Edmund Gosse.**

years. The earliest is a miniature on ivory by Mrs. Janet Barrow (the novelist's aunt) and is claimed to be the earliest known portrait, having been painted in 1830. The two latest, both in oils, are dated 1869 and 1870 respectively, the earlier being by William B. Myers, who was the young son-in-law of a Virginia friend of Dickens; the artist's widow is still living and remembers that her husband made *ad vivum* sketches of Dickens from which this portrait was done. The later portraits, signed "E. P." and dated 1870, came from J. L. Toole's collection. In addition to various pencil sketches by H. K. Browne, 1836, by Maclise, 1840, and Charles Martin, 1843, there are seven by Pierre Morand, 1842, a fellow passenger of Dickens during his first voyage to America; these sketches show Dickens in various attitudes on the deck of the *Britannia*, and at the Tremont House, Boston, whilst the interest of the whole is greatly heightened by the fact that on the back of each is written an account of the circumstances under which it was made.

Practically every edition of Dickens is represented in this exhibition by the earliest, and in every "collectable" sense, the most desirable form; the monthly parts of such as were issued in that form including the original wrappers with the old advertisements. It is not necessary to specify any of the English editions of these exhibits. One of the earliest American editions of Dickens is the copy, in original brown boards, of "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate and other Sketches," issued at Philadelphia in 1837; the volume includes "The Pantomime of Life" which first appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* of March the same year. It will be seen that Dickens's popularity in England found an almost immediate echo in the United States; so that in 1839 when Chapman & Hall issued the first complete edition of the two series of the "Sketches by Boz" in twenty monthly numbers, the Philadelphia firm brought out one in ten numbers in quarto with the twenty Cruikshank plates redrawn by Yeager; all the wrappers are dated 1838, and the edition contains two stories not in the English edition.

"The Pickwick Papers" (1836–7) had two rival American editions, one in Philadelphia in five small volumes and the other in New York in twenty-six monthly numbers in octavo, and both editions are here. The same may be said, indeed, of all the subsequent works of Dickens, several of which are also represented by early French, Dutch and German editions. To the English collector of Dickens the most attractive feature of the exhibition will be its extraordinary wealth, not merely of early American editions of Dickens, pirated and otherwise, but the wealth of publications of all descriptions called into existence by the novelist's visits to the United States. These things are very rarely seen in England: all are important to a complete collection of Dickens. For instance we have here a copy of "The Josephine Gallery," edited by Alice and Phœbe Cary and published in New York in 1859, to which Dickens contributed a story of seventeen pages entitled "Suburban Romance," which does not seem to have been printed separately. Much more interesting and important is the set of *The New York Ledger* of August 20th and 27th, and September 3rd, 1859, in which the story "Hunted Down" first appeared, and for which *The Ledger* paid $5,000; the story was not reprinted in England until August, 1860, when it came out in *All the Year Round*. The original MS., also here on loan, extends to fifteen pages quarto and is written in blue ink. Another story which Dickens wrote for an American magazine—*The Atlantic Monthly*—"George Silverman's Explanation" is here in its first printed form; whilst yet another story "A Holiday Romance," is likewise here, not only in the original MS. (with the original envelope, addressed to Ticknor & Fields, in which it was transmitted) but also *Our Young Folks*, January to May 1868, in which it first appeared. For each of those stories Dickens received £1,000 for the American rights.

Personal relics form another feature of the Exhibition. There are several books from Dickens's library with his book-plate and label, his seal, his ivory paper-knife, a chair from his dining-room at Gad's Hill Place, and the calendar which stood upon his desk at the time of his death. In contrast to the English custom of loan exhibitions, the names of the various owners are not given, but it is known that those who have contributed much to the success of the exhibition include Mrs. George D. Widener, the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and Mr. F. R. Kaldenberg.

The admirable catalogue forms a record of permanent and scholarly value.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

ENGLISH literature has sustained a sensible loss by the death of Edward Dowden, a professor, scholar and critic, who possessed what may be deemed special claims upon the affectionate remembrance of readers of THE BOOKMAN. He was point-device the *litterateur* of a past age. He looked the part thoroughly, and his conversation, though not scintillating, was saturated with literary allusion and reminiscence. He was a great collector of books, and was never in a state of more obvious elation than when he had just made a find upon the parapets of Seine or Liffey; and his books, in a sense, kept open house. No connoisseur who was also a professorial authority was more accessible than he—community of interest in literary themes was quite sufficient to enlist his enthusiasm. He seldom failed to answer literary enquiries and curiosities, sometimes of a nature bordering upon the impertinent; and no one was more generous in his acknowledgment of assistance. His introductions for this reason are valuable as anatomies, showing the extraordinarily varied and circuitous manner in which literary history has often to be built up by a sort of coral-insect industry of queries and annotations. This friendliness, accessibility, and profound belief in the need for good fellowship in the republic of letters, certainly rendered him one of the best beloved *literati* of our time. A bookman himself, he contributed the best account we have of the Primus of the Species, the bookman *par excellence* of another age, in his beautifully finished and sympathetic, though necessarily far from exhaustive, contribution on Southey to the "English Men of Letters." He was a great idealist in literature; he believed in elevating the subject to a lofty plane and in imputing nobility of purpose, wherever possible, to the noble army of authors. He seemed like a survival of the pre-mercantile era in letters, and he was undoubtedly one of the last of the Romanticists, to whom the summits were always aglow with the exquisite tints of sunset. Books were his passion, and literature his romance, full of those "sensations sweet, felt in the blood and felt along the heart." The morbid, cynical, mediocre and microscopic aspect of personalities and things appealed to him but faintly. He was always on the side of the angels. In literature his approach was essentially æsthetic and always æsthetic, generally optimistic. And he was a stylist by natural and elective affinity. To him it was always imperative to write about beautiful things beautifully, and, when his spirit was aflame with the emotion of fine poetry, to write finely and poetically. Some consider that in his essayistic work he carried this to preciosity; but the failing was not common with him, and no deduction whatever has to be made for it in estimating his two principal works. In these Dowden has another claim upon our gratitude, by grappling greatly—not with the peripheries and tenebrosities of English literature—but with two of the greatest, most central and most difficult of men of genius, Shakespeare and Shelley. Nor must it be inferred from what has been said that Dowden was in any sense precious or effeminate in his personality. Far from it, his proclivities were in some respects strongly athletic. He was himself a fine swimmer, was interested in athletic skill, himself a fine, well-proportioned figure and a strong upholder of the Hellenic ideal of balance between the physical and intellectual development. His gentleness of temper, it is thought, caused him to be preyed upon to a certain extent by the small fry of dilettante and literary quidnuncs. His affability gave a welcome for all who frequented the Sunday *salon* in his house in South Dublin, within three miles from "The Pillar." His discursive talk among people who sympathised with his enthusiasms was extremely delightful, and nearly always literary. But his interests, of course, were by no means exclusively "belle-lettristic." He was a strong advocate of Trinity College's attitude of aloofness from the scheme of a national university, and, on the larger issue, he was a convinced and almost bigoted anti-Nationalist. He was a dexterous and at times very effective public speaker. For many years his eloquence and persuasive charm were constantly at the disposal of the platforms of the Irish Unionist Alliance. He worked for the association from its formation in 1896 until his death, and occasionally acted as president. He was himself in the nineties asked to become a nominee for the representation of Dublin University, but stood aside to make way for Sir Edward Carson. Strong pecuniary temptations were held out to him to desert Dublin, and it was politics always that proved the determining factor in resolving him not to abandon his post. Perhaps he took his political influence a little too seriously. However that may be, Dublin was distinctly the gainer. His roots had sunk deep there. His European reputation and proficiency in the difficult science of comparative literature served as a magnet to many students; and there was surely never a professor of such world-wide standing who did more by the attraction of his character and the homely ease of his manner to remove the diffidence of the modest student. He would correct the mistakes of an undergraduate with the same courtesy that he would use towards an eminent opponent, and his intimate conversational manner showed no consciousness of the weight of his judgment.

> "It must be admitted that his lectures were delivered in circumstances unworthy of a European reputation. In a small book-lumbered room just inside the gates of Trinity College the Professor of English Literature addressed each term a very small class of undergraduates and an old Roman Catholic priest: a privileged and regular attendant. He talked rather than lectured . . . and would turn aside from his subject to paint, with an odd mixture of official caution and Celtic temerity, a spirited portrait of some *enfant perdu* of literature or politics. Such digressions revealed the breadth of his humanity, the wide sweep of his sympathies, and the delicacy of his imagination."

He was the confessor and counsellor of many of his pupils and post graduates, who came to him for sympathy and advice in all matters concerned with literary history and criticism. He generally told them not to take the new Irish School and its reticent Theatre too seriously. But for Irish historical, literary and local studies of the

old school he was a generous sponsor, as may be seen in his very appreciative introduction to his friend "Cæsar L. Falkiner's Essays relating to Ireland."

Edward Dowden's external history was exceptionally uneventful, even for a scholar, the stages of whose earthly progress have often enough to be traced exclusively in his successive publications and appointments. But Dowden never migrated at all. His translations were never of the kind which Swift described as the best. He came up to the Irish capital from Cork, where he was born on May 3rd, 1843, at the age of eighteen, won numerous prizes for English prose and English verse, and at the extraordinary age of twenty-four was appointed Professor of English Literature in his university—a chair which he held for over forty-six years, and from which he was removed only by sudden death.

Within ten years of his appointment Dowden had published the first of the two books by which he was to become best known—"Shakspere: His Mind and Art," a book which had so much fine appreciation, originality and strength in it that it marked Dowden out at once as one of the half-dozen serious critics of his day. Carlyle himself thought well of the book, which was soon translated, and obtained the usual compliments of literary success, copious imitation and quotation. John Richard Green, who was then editing Macmillan's primers, at once secured Dowden to do the "Shakespeare Primer," and for twenty years at least this little book had an enormous vogue. "Shakspere: His Mind and Art" thoroughly deserved its fame; it blew away the yeasty clouds of German symbolism and Dutch allegory which had collected round the great summit, discerned the superiority of Coleridge as an interpreter, and endeavoured to work out an intelligible evolution of Shakespeare's mentality as reflected in his dramas. The book created a school which, in the hands of such artists as Brandes and Stopford Brooke, has done really constructive work, and it was for a time regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of Shakespeare criticism. I find my copy, untouched, I am afraid, for well-nigh a score of years, deeply scored and underscored. And many of these passages are quite admirable—indeed, one might say much more—from the pen of a young man of thirty or thereabouts. Sometimes the author writes as though he were perorating, or as is now irreverently said, "talking through his hat," as where he remarks that:

> "Shakspere reaches the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisable energy of love, imagination and thought."

But he cordially recognises the rich feeling of the Elizabethans for concrete facts if he does not quite appreciate their tendency to rhetoric.

> "Poetry in this period," he writes, "is put upon a purely human basis. No fate broods over the actions of men and the history of families; the only fatality is the fatality of character. Luck, an outstanding element helping to determine the lives of mortals, irreducible to known law, luck good and bad, Shakspere readily admits; but luck is strictly a thing in the course of nature. The divinity which shapes our ends works efficiently but secretly. Men's lives in the drama of Shakspere are not disorganised and denaturalised by irruptions of the miraculous. The one standing miracle is the world itself. A vigorous and mundane vitality—this constitutes the basis."

Now this is well said, and throughout the book I find things to match it which convince me that Dowden's book, in spite of its faults, its preconceived notions of Shakespeare's personality, its over-solemnity of tone—as if criticism of Shakespeare were a religious rite—and its relative neglect of Shakespeare as a maker of light comedies—in spite of these things I predict that Dowden's book will live, and outlive most of its acclaimed successors and pretenders to sovereignty in this particular dominion. At the present moment, it is true, Dowden's rockets no longer startle us, and most of his stars have been stolen by subsequent commentators. At the end of the 'nineties Sidney Lee came along with his theory of the impersonality of Shakespeare's art—the antithesis of Dowden's theory, the antidote to his prescription. Dowden, however, took the matter in very good part, and wrote a generous and quaint tribute to his successor (and in a sense superseder) in the form of a sonnet, which does more credit on the whole, I think you will agree, to his heart than to his head. By the kindness of Sir Sidney Lee I am enabled to quote the apocalyptic poem:

TO MR. SIDNEY LEE,

that bestowed upon me a coppie of his "Life of Shake-speare."

"Swete Boye, whose name revives dead Astrophell,
Fame through her goolden trumpe now blows it wide
With his who, gazing in Conceit's deepe well,
Saw Life and Death, and Love yew-crown'd, star-eyed.
O be thou too a wrestler with old Time,
Blunt his dread sickle, scatter his red sand!
Let men of Inde in their outlandish ryme
Rename thee queinte to men of Samarcand!

One globe brawn-shouldher'd, broad-hipp'd Herc'les bore!
Lightly thou liftest two—of dreame and deed;
Is't not enough, but thou wilt venter more.
And roll reverting stones that ditches breed?
Leave H. and W., *Hall* and *Thorpe* for me,
Who love them not, yet love this fruitfull *Lea*.

"EDWARD DOWDEN.

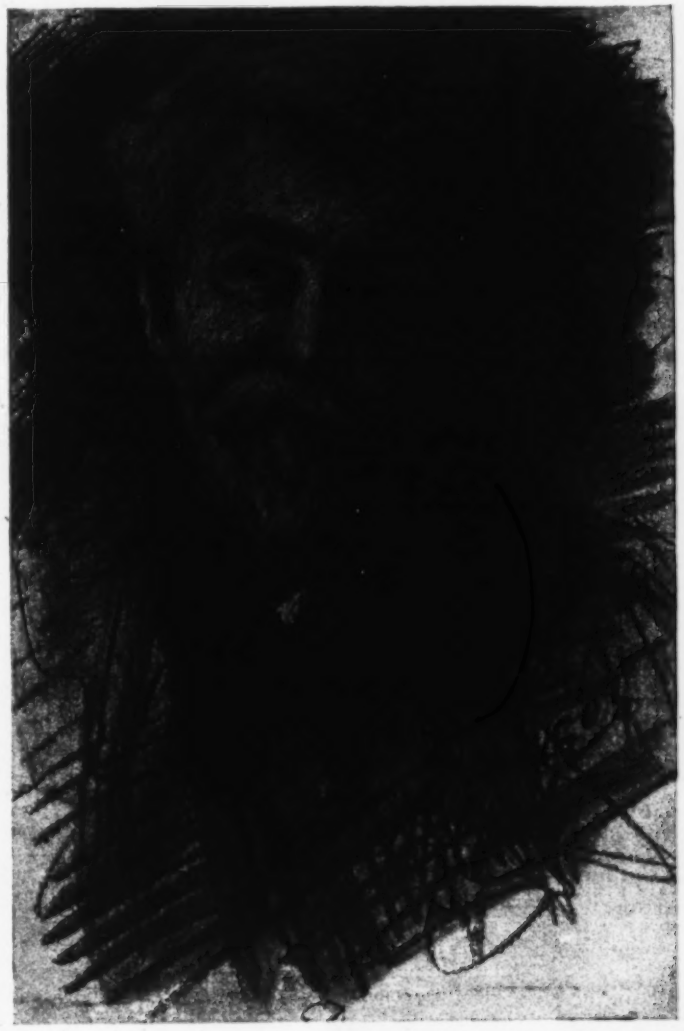
"[November, 1898.]"

In the "Shakespeare Primer," Dowden, as it seems to me, in simplifying carries his theory as to the possibility of reading a man's history in the sequence of his published works almost to the verge of caricature. He had by this time, too, I imagine, been enmeshed in the ideas of another Shakespeare theorist, Dr. Furnivall; and although for the moment the world was fascinated by the novelty of the metrical tests and the symmetry of the 'schoolroom,' 'playtime,' 'in the depths,' and 'on the heights' categories, Shakespeare criticism proceeded thenceforward on different and perhaps rather saner lines.

Of the interstitial work between his two main edifices, though much of it was good, there is not room to say much here. Dowden did two highly agreeable books on Browning and Montaigne, the last a labour of love into which he concentrated much reading and much of himself. He edited "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare's sonnets, Southey's "Correspondence with Caroline Bowles," "The Lyrical Ballads of 1798" and Browning's "The Ring and the Book," but he was possibly rather too anxious and indecisive to make a heaven-sent editor. He was, however, a delightful essayist. In "Transcripts and Studies" and "The French Revolution and English Literature" (the

substance of lectures given originally to Princeton University) he is perhaps a trifle academic, but in "Puritan and Anglican" (studies of Browne, Hooker, Vaughan, Hilton, Taylor, Baxter and Bunyan), and in the recent "Essays Modern and Elizabethan" (including Pater, Ibsen, Heine, Goethe, Cowper and Hayley, De Marsay, Shakespeare, "The Masque," "Elizabethan Romance," Lady Winchilsea, Dr. Farmer and other old Shakespeareans), his vintage is seen at its best. His short "History of French Literature" is thoroughly readable, essayistic, in fact, rather than compendious.

In his *magnum opus*, "The Life of P. B. Shelley" (2 vols., Kegan Paul, 1886) Dowden had to swim in a difficult medium. The life of Shelley is very controversial; no life during its brief period of activity has been so intensively studied or worked at by so many strong competitive biographers. The contemporary lives are ample and brilliantly written by such performers as Hogg, Peacock, Trelawny, Medwin, Leigh Hunt. Dowden was to write the official "Life" from copious material which had been accumulating for more than a generation, and as the mouthpiece of the Shelley family. To some extent it may be admitted that he suffers under the disabilities of all official biographers. He has to pay the price of exclusive information, and he cannot wholly evade the imputation of writing as a partisan. Shelley believed that if certain external tyrannies could be removed the life of human beings might straightway be made perfect, or all but perfect. Not selfishly, but with blind wilfulness and utter lack of experience, he took upon himself to believe that the institution of marriage was wholly superfluous and an obstacle to human progress. Acting upon this, for he was never afraid to act upon his theories, he married a girl of sixteen, when he himself was nineteen, without any conception whatever of the primary responsibilities thus incurred. Three years after marriage he had a misunderstanding with his girl wife—the misunderstanding, which was mainly upon his side and complicated by hallucinations to which he was prone, would have yielded to sane handling with time and a little experience of life. Shelley, however, without giving it a chance, yielded to the first prompting of the polygamous instinct implanted in most men and ran off with another girl of sixteen, treating the injury to his lawful spouse as little more than a harmless joke. Shelley atoned for this fatal error by bitter suffering. Henceforth the story of his life and art is one of advance—his character improving almost as much as his art, and the excellences of both far outweighing the defects. Now it is the *plaidoyer* of the Shelley family and its literary advocates to endeavour to condone this fatal flaw in Shelley's life; and it is a flaw which never ought to be and never can be condoned. Dowden tries to be fair, but he is subtly undermined by influences inimical to absolute veracity of statement. In this one point he errs, as it seems to me, by a *suppressio veri*. In other respects his book is well within the range of being pronounced a masterpiece—one of the very few masterpieces of English biography. It is already a rarity in its original form. The abridged and revised issue of eleven years later is in some ways a more perfect and a fairer performance. As a literary and critical biography it is almost beyond criticism, and my conviction is that it will carry Dowden's name along with Shelley's down the broken, changing, much tormented stream of literary fame.



Professor Dowden.

From a pencil drawing kindly lent by Miss Emily C. Devine.

Matthew Arnold in a famous article in the *Nineteenth Century*, dated January 1888, complained of Dowden's "Life" as a disservice to Shelley. The Professor, he maintained, held a brief for the Shelleys, his pleading for the poet is constant, and he does more harm than good to Shelley by it. On the other hand, says Arnold, Dowden's treatment of Harriet is not worthy of either his taste or his judgment. Shelley's misconduct to Harriet, his want of humour, his self-deception, stand out and are revealed in Dowden's biography for the first time. It is harder after this "Life" than it was before it to win back to the ideal Shelley of the lovely lyrics and

the radiant soul,—the beautiful, if ineffectual angel. Arnold's "What a Set!" article struck a note which was followed in the main by Stephen, Traill, Churton Collins, Andrew Lang, and Professor Freeman, who coined the phrase: "chatter about Harriet." Impassioned and even bitter as he often was on the political platform, Dowden was ordinarily serene and suave in literary controversy. He replied with becoming gravity to Arnold in the *Athenæum*, with more warmth (in the same weekly) to the aspersions of Churton Collins in the *Quarterly Review*. Dowden was at times, without doubt, needlessly stilted, sophistical, homiletic, and sentimental, but he always endeavoured to be absolutely fair. The retrenched version of the book is the truer and the saner. A better response to Arnold than the biographer himself could formulate was made in the able article on "Shelley *contra mundum*," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* of May, 1908, by Mr. Arthur P. Nicholson, in which the difference between poet and critic is summed as that between the man with ichor in his veins and the man with ice. Allowing a little for bias, Dowden's judgment of Shelley the poet stands the test of time better than Arnold's. Dowden first treated the Shelley records with the pious solemnity of a gospel narrator, and he will probably go down to posterity as the foremost of the Shelley synoptists.

New Books.

MR. MASEFIELD'S "DAUBER."*

The clearest distinction of Mr. Masefield's art is its intense and eager perception of tragic idea. Pity, as contrasted with curiosity, presides over his temper, and he is far more deeply moved by the struggle of man with external circumstance and his own primal passions than by subtleties of character; which means that his instinct is for tragedy rather than for comedy. And whilst comedy, the analyis of character in conflict, may find complete expression in prose, whilst indeed prose may often be its aptest medium, since it enables the artist to heighten his delineation by means of a familiar flavour of speech, tragedy, the analysis of passion or emotion in conflict, aiming not at all at external distinctions but intent only on elemental idea, needs the more urgent and stricter convention of verse for its fulfilment in art. It is a very significant fact that the greatest of our modern prose dramatists, Mr. Galsworthy, with his admirable precision, calls "The Silver Box," in spite of its relentless severity, "a comedy," whilst he calls "Justice," which is not a whit more uncompromising in its austerity of temper, "a tragedy." The distinction is perfectly just. In "The Silver Box" the central interest is not in the opposition of a malign social machinery to Mrs. Jones and her husband, but in the operation of Mrs. Jones's clearly defined character in the catastrophe brought about by this opposition, whilst in "Justice" the central interest is in a tragic idea, for the expression of which Falder is merely a symbol. In the one case character is everything, in the other it is of relative unimportance; and a subtle artistic principle is illustrated in the fact that Mr. Galsworthy's comedy is a perfectly achieved work of art, because we feel that he has found an exact medium for its expression and that no revision of the artist's method could intensify the final result, whilst his tragedy leaves us feeling that the motive has not been exhausted, and that it needed a greater imaginative pressure and consequently a more pregnant utterance wholly to liberate it. In other words, prose satisfies us in the comedy of character, however fierce the comedy may be, but it fails us in the tragedy of idea.

Every artist has his own special difficulties to overcome, and some lack of clearness in Mr. Masefield's perception of this principle would seem to be the particular defect which he has yet to discipline. "The Tragedy of Nan," is one of the great achievements of contemporary literature, one of the half-dozen things that warrant some renewal of our pride in our theatre; but it ought to have been greater. Nan herself is not a character, but the central symbol of a noble tragic idea, and she called earnestly for the high rhythmic expression which Mr. Masefield could certainly have given her. The speech of the play is lovely as it is, the witness of a new imagination, but it should have been the highest kind of speech, the incontestably supreme medium for poetry, verse. And the reverse side of Mr. Masefield's yet unsolved problem as an artist is discovered in "Dauber" and the other poems which have deservedly been so much discussed and praised during the last two years. Reading through this poem again on its publication in book form, we are more than ever grateful for an intensity of tragic vision such as has very rarely been excelled in our poetry. That is an emphatic thing to say, but it is said with the most careful deliberation. The young painter seeking so earnestly to find expression for himself, without guide and in the midst of an indifference that is terrible in its self-certainty; the savagery and beauty of the sea in all its moods; the strange impersonal courage of ships and the almost brutal heroism of the shipmen—these are changeless things seen anew by this poet, and transfigured by him into the symbols found by a new temperament for as changeless a tragic idea. And Mr. Masefield's utterance, while it is concerned with this its chief and what should be its only purpose, is here magnificent:

"And then one day I had a job to do
Down below bridge, by where the docks begin.
And there I saw a clipper towing through,
Up from the sea that morning, entering in.
Raked to the nines she was, lofty and thin,
Her ensigns ruffling red, her bunts in pile,
Beauty and strength together, wonder, style.

* * * * *

"So the night past, but then no morning broke—
Only a something showed that night was dead.
A sea-bird, cackling like a devil, spoke,
And the fog drew away and hung like lead.
Like mighty cliffs it shaped, sullen and red;
Like glowering gods at watch it did appear,
And sometimes drew away, and then drew near.

* * * * *

"They smeared the paint with turpentine until
They could remove with mess-clouts every trace
Of quick perception caught by patient skill
And lines that had brought blood into his face.

* * * * *

"And then the night fell dark, and all night long
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,
Frozen, alert, austere; the eagle's song
Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars."

Writing like this is not flawless; the strain imposed by the chosen stanzaic form shows itself here and there. But that we are in the presence of poetry of a rare and vivid kind there can be no doubt. And these passages are not of outstanding excellence. They represent the normal level on which the poem moves whenever its purpose is towards the expression of tragic idea, which it habitually is. Artistic cause and effect are marked throughout "Dauber" with astonishing intensity. As long as the impulse is strictly and essentially poetic, poetic expression comes to Mr. Masefield with unerring certainty; his profound sense of pity always brings with it a high passion of speech surely compelled into the strict beauty of verse. But running parenthetically through the sustained pity of "Dauber" there is a curiosity as to subtleties of character, which is not an impulse essentially poetic; and whenever this is allowed to assert itself the sinews of the work are relaxed and we get something which is not poetry at all. It may

* "Dauber." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

not be without admirable qualities in other directions, but in art an admirable thing in the wrong place violates form and loses all its virtue. A striking example of this weakness is the passage in which Dauber, after the fierce long struggle with the storm, "torn by his frozen body's lust for heat," is offered his mug of grog with his mates, and remembers:

> "A promise long since made at home
> Never to taste strong liquor. Now he knew
> The worth of liquor; now he wanted some.
> * * * * *
> 'Please, sir, I'm temperance.'"

The moment jerks us rudely to a readjustment of our imaginative perception, and our first instinct is to say that here is false sentiment, a wilful transition from poetic splendour to a rather weakly pathos. But this is not the real explanation. The passage shows a quite acute perception of an interesting subtlety of character. By itself it is a piece of external realism as justly realised as Mrs. Jones's plea to the magistrate:

> "And of course, your worship, he had had very little to eat all day, and the drink does go to the head when you have not had enough to eat. Your Worship may not know, but it is the truth."

But whilst Mrs. Jones moves us in her curiously poignant revelation of character, Dauber merely irritates us in his equally poignant revelation, and the reason is that the one comes in its right artistic context and the other does not. Shakespeare's distribution of prose and verse is directed almost entirely by this artistic necessity. Analysis of the externals of character as distinguished from fundamental passion and idea is not a thing poetic in itself, and to impose a poetic expression upon it is both to destroy the value of the analysis and to rob rhythmic speech of its right significance. Mr. Masefield has written a poem full of memorable beauty, exercising a vision for which we cannot be too grateful, but he has not achieved a perfect whole, because he has attempted at intervals to set down without modification of form things which, whatever their values may be, do not belong to poetry. To say that all things are in the province of poetry is to speak a dangerous half-truth. There is nothing but may be distilled into poetry, but there is much which in its particularised form is too local and too dependent on accidental instead of common factors to be transposed directly into poetry. The emotion behind Dauber's "Please, sir, I'm temperance," might justly be subdued by the poet to his purpose; but when it is particularized in this way its poetic value is lost in the dust of external association. Poetry should concern itself as little with the accidental as with the abstract, and it is as dangerous to confuse the one of these as the other with the concrete.

To philosophy the abstract, the accidental to the comedy of character, and to poetry passion and idea, man's tragic or delighted perceptions of the world. Mr. Masefield's faculty as a poet is not easily to be measured. It has already brought him wide recognition, and the affection of all who care for poetry and are eager for its health and sanity. When he purges it of this one uncertainty of instinct which, as it seems, at present hinders its complete fulfilment, he will do yet greater things for the art he serves. To so fine an instrument nothing is impossible.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.*

In a little prefatory note to this volume, Mrs. A. H. Haggard, the eldest sister of "Michael Fairless," remarks that it has always been a matter of wonder to her "that the affection of the public for a favourite author should stop short of observing his wishes. Michael Fairless most straitly charged those who would represent her to abstain from the publication of her identity;" but the public has been so insistent in its demand for knowledge of her that it has, at length, become necessary to disregard her sincere desire and publish the simple truth in order to put an end to the dissemination of false, and half-true and wholly imaginary accounts of her. Now, I cannot see that there is anything to wonder at at all in this curiosity of the public; it is so far from being a blameworthy curiosity that I think there is something fine in it; it is a sign of grace, and I should have thought the less of a public that had never manifested it. To have read "The Roadmender," to have felt the charm of its writing, the spiritual beauty of its quiet philosophy, and to have laid it down and gone on knowing and caring nothing about the personality of the thinker and writer of so unique a book, would have argued just that shallow carelessness, that selfish indifference in the public which I, for one, should have felt was ungrateful and unworthy in them and to be condemned. It is difficult to be grateful to an abstraction; it is impossible to be subdued by the spell of "The Roadmender" without feeling something of gratitude and affection for the exquisite, gently wise spirit that lives in its pages, and if the public had exhibited no desire to come someway into some sort of personal touch with the very human author of it, then you might have been sure the book had taken no deep hold on them and its life could not have been long. The public shows little enough interest in the average author, even when it is buying his books by thousands; there is no demand for his biography, and it would not sell if it were published. Their interest and their curiosity concerning Michael Fairless is everyway a good sign; I am glad it has compelled the publication of this brief record of her, and having read it, I realise that the public was doubly right, and the book was a necessity. It is written with such complete and sympathetic understanding and so reticently that Michael Fairless herself could scarcely, in the circumstances, have wished a word of it had been left unsaid; moreover, it throws light on her own work and helps to a fuller comprehension of it.

Knowing now the conditions under which "The Roadmender" was written you find new and more poignant meanings in much of it; you realise the whole significance, especially, of the second and third parts, "Out of the Shadow," and "At the White Gate." Perhaps it would be better if we remained in ignorance of the lives of some authors—they square so little with their works; but in this case it is far otherwise. Nearly two thirds of the book are devoted to an intimate and admirable critical study of the writings of Margaret Fairless Barber by her friend and literary executor, Mrs. Haggard; in the other third her sister, Mrs. Scott Palmer, tells the story of her life, and it is all that a reading of her three volumes, "The Roadmender," "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" and "The Grey Brethren," might have led you to anticipate—the story of a shy, sensitive, beautifully human and indomitably brave personality. She only turned to writing when her health was so broken that she could no longer follow more active pursuits: "When she became too ill to go on with her modelling, she began to write; when her writing could not be done in a sitting position, she propped the paper on her chest and wrote lying down; by and by the right hand could no longer be used, so she wrote with her left, a beautiful legible script. When increased physical weakness made writing in every way impossible, she dictated." She had already entered the Valley of the Shadow when she commenced "The Roadmender;" it was written in suffering and difficulties that could never shake her courage or ruffle her patience; it was finished only a day or two before the end, and published after her death. Brief as the biography is, it is sufficient; it is a delicate sketch, with enough of detail filled in to make it a necessary and illuminating commentary on the author's work. It tells you what "The Roadmender" omits; and with this small addition "The Roadmender" becomes her best and fullest biography. Which is as it should be; the public, I repeat, was right to want that, and it was right that so much should be given to us.

A.

* Michael Fairless: Her life and Writings. By W. Scott Palmer (M. E. Dowson) and A. M. Haggard. With two portraits by Elinor Dowson. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth).

FORGOTTEN PATHS.*

Until the nineteenth century hemmed large numbers of people out of sight of green fields and flowing rivers, nobody bothered very much about scenery. The grandeur of the Highlands appalled Dr. Johnson as every other visitor, and it is safe to say that few travellers, until the nineteenth century, mused over the silver lochs. There was more musing in Fleet Street taverns in the good old times.

And then came what intelligent persons refer to as "the industrial revolution," and long, low streets of dingy, red-brick houses, crushing in their dead monotony. The countryside was eaten up by these miserable legions of dwellings. Smoke began to hang in foul clouds over miles of drab squalor. Tall, hideous chimneys erected their heads like veritable steeples of commerce.

And so people took to the road again. But not as the Briton, running bare-foot along the Icknield Way—nor the Anglo-Saxon herding his droves, nor yet, to take a stride, as the rumbling coach flinging the white dust heaven-wards. For none of these had learned the secret of the road. It came rather as a grand discovery by those who had eyes to see that Nature held the true beauty of life, and *contrast* found its greatest treasure-trove on the broad highway.

Borrow, Wordsworth, Burroughs, Whitman, Stevenson, Jeffries and many others set the fashion of wandering.

And so, too, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Edward Thomas.

We do not propose to discuss whether Mr. Thomas is in the right when he states that Icknield was the generic name for a road.

"'The Icknield Way,'" he says, "is sufficiently explained as the chief surviving road connecting East Anglia and the whole eastern half of the regions north of the Thames with the west and western half of the south of England."

We are mildly interested but we do not care. What this very pleasant book has done for us is to picture in our minds the romance that even the most ordinary lane may possess to recall for a moment or two the travelling steps that have been gathered into silence over the hill. Each road has individuality—

"Some roads creep," says Mr. Thomas, "some continue merely; some advance with majesty, some mount a hill on curves like a soaring sea-gull."

Mr. Thomas (despite the heat of it) loves the road, as we all do, and when he can put his catalogue of facts in his pocket, is as charming and pensive and rollicking a companion all in the proper place as any one could want. Read his racy description of the man he chats with in the train, the fellow who knew "men's rents, and what each farm cost when it changed hands last. He knew also the men living and dead, and the lives they lived, what they were worth, and whose bed they died in."

But Mr. Thomas is, above all, a stylist. He can write in the reflective vein of Mr. A. C. Benson, just as he can write with the sort of dry humour of Mr. William Caine in the "Angler at Large."

The following, in reference to the desolate home of a dead villager, is charged with atmosphere:

"The silence of the house and road was like a sea suddenly expanding infinitely about me. As I turned away the child's sob, the song of the robin, the scream of the swifts fell into that black silence without breaking it, like tears into a deep sea."

Grave and gay Mr. Thomas takes us by the hand along the Icknield Way. May it not be long before we set out with him again.

* "The Icknield Way." By Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

Grand Junction Canal.

From "The Icknield Way," by Edward Thomas. (Constable.)

SIR HERBERT TAYLOR.*

General Sir Herbert Taylor is to-day nothing more than a name to most people. Yet in his life he was a person of very considerable importance, albeit, like the permanent officials of the great Government departments whose decisions to a great extent control the country, he never bulked largely in the public eye. His influence was that of the power behind the throne, and while he sowed wise advice, others reaped the benefit and the credit. Born in 1775, he entered the Foreign Office at the age of seventeen, and at the end of the year was appointed secretary to Sir James Murray, whom he served on the Continent until the close of the campaign of 1793. Always inclining to a military career, he became a cornet in the 2nd Dragoon Guards in the spring of 1794, and in fourteen months was promoted captain in the same regiment. His talents were so remarkable, and he had so thoroughly taken advantage of the opportunities of acquiring information offered while he was with Sir James Murray, that he was singled out for special duties, and acted during 1794–5 as assistant-secretary to the commanders-in-chief in the Netherlands, the incapable Duke of York and his successor, Sir David Dundas. After the close of the campaign, the Duke of York, who had a great admiration and liking for him, made him his assistant secretary at the Horse Guards, and later his private secretary. In this latter capacity he was brought into touch with other members of the Royal Family, and in 1805 he became private secretary to George III.—a position he occupied for five years, when the King became mad. The Regency being established, he filled a similar post under Queen Charlotte until her death in 1818. He was an executor of the Queen's will, and later of the King's will. He represented Windsor in Parliament from 1820, and was military secretary to the Duke of York from that year until 1827, when for a short time he held the same post under Wellington, who had succeeded the Duke as Commander-in-Chief. For a short time in 1828 he was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance and then Adjutant-General to the Forces; and on the accession of William IV. became the private secretary of that monarch, a position he retained throughout the reign.

A man who had held so many and such varied positions in the Army and at Court, and especially one who had been private secretary to three monarchs, must have seen much that was interesting. Sir Herbert, however, was a man of great discretion, and he carried his cautiousness to the extent of ordering his official memoranda to be destroyed after his death, thereby, no doubt, consigning to eternal silence many curious phases of unwritten history.

"Other papers and letters of interest were, however, put aside—and a selection of these, together with his reminiscences, are introduced in the following pages," the able and careful editor, Mr. Ernest Taylor, states. "They range from the close of the eighteenth century to 1838 [the year preceding Sir Herbert's

* "The Taylor Papers: being a record of certain reminiscences, letters, and journals in the life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B., G.C.H." 15s. net. (Longmans).

death], many of them portraying, I think, to a considerable extent, the personality of the man who found himself constantly centred near the throne, and typifying certain social and military aspects of the period in which he played his part."

The editor does not put the value of the book too high, and, though it makes its principal appeal to those well versed in the history of the period, the general reader will find it interesting, albeit the absence of explanatory footnotes will sometimes hamper him. Did space permit, many extracts could be made from these pages. For example, there is a brief account of the King of Naples :

"General Murat was also at Cannes previous to embarking in the attempt which cost his life. He was for a fortnight at Pinchinat's, his chief attendant being General Pignatelli. During this period he mixed readily with the natives, talked freely, chiefly in abuse of Buonaparte, and appeared cheerful and unconcerned, though his pecuniary resources were small. There is a small grass plot below the road, near the inn where the natives assembled in the evening to dance. Here he would lie on the grass, looking on and smoking, and occasionally singing Barcarolles."

We also get a glimpse of Napoleon at Cannes, shortly after he landed in France after his escape from Elba.

"During this period the troops he had brought with him—remarkably fine men of soldier-like appearance—formed three sides of a square, in which he and his officers stood, the fourth side being open and accessible to the people of the town and country who crowded to see him from curiosity rather than from any interest in his undertaking. Some of these told me the weather was cold, and that they kept their hats and cloaks on, and were amused at seeing the Prince of Monaco, whom Buonaparte had summoned from the neighbourhood, standing in the square in grande costume, silk stockings, *chapeau bras*, bowing and shivering. At length Buonaparte dismissed him with a sneer, saying, 'Mon Prince, votre Altesse peut retourner dans *ses états*.'"

LEWIS MELVILLE.

CHANCE AND THE NOVELIST.*

"The tune of chance," according to Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in the preface to a new volume of short stories, "subdued or assertive, can be heard through every story that pretends to portray human life." In the sense, of course, that every story has to deal with a series of events or happenings, this is undeniable; for a story, however psychological or philosophical may be its ground-work, is the merest dead machine if nothing ever happens in it. And every happening is by way of being a matter of fortune, good or ill, to the persons who for the moment are presented to the reader. So it seems to me that Mr. and Mrs. Castle were enunciating a wise truism, of which we may sometimes, in our preoccupation with other things, lose sight, rather than revealing a particularly subtle truth. But in the sense that chance, in a romance, is some swift adventure, their preface is singularly appropriate to their own work. Here are gay and sometimes tragic adventures, to the number of nine, the first a characteristic and well-handled story of a past time, in which the turns are rung upon French wit and English courage, vengefulness and constancy, concluding with an astonishing but (in view of the preface) entirely credible interposition of the elements to prevent fratricide. The other stories are military, historical, and modern Irish, all good and competent, and just what we expect from such accomplished practitioners as Mr. and Mrs. Castle—some long enough to have the swagger almost of full-dress novels, others for the delight of a few moments only.

Mr. Ernest Mansfield takes Chance very seriously indeed, for his story is a heaped-up treasure of surprising incidents, from ruby- and gold-mines in India to jealous murder, wrongful accusation, flight from prison, and the final rectification of all misunderstandings. One may question the accuracy of Mr. Mansfield's accounts of legal processes; but his story is exciting, and he has a genuine knowledge of prospecting and loyalty to prospectors which does not fail to interest.

Mr. Humfrey Jordan,
whose new novel, "Patchwork Comedy" is published by Messrs. Putnam.

Both Mr. Humfrey Jordan (in "Patchwork Comedy") and Mr. R. G. Behrens (in "Pebble") deal with women whose unconventionality sometimes arouses our suspicions; and they both deal in rather ingenuous style with dissolute husbands who have wrecked or almost wrecked the lives of their young and attractive wives. Whereas Mr. Jordan boldly makes his heroine a sparkling young woman of spirit, Mr. Behrens is—as a note to the book implies—more considerably occupied with events which have their root in facts. But the element of chance is very strong in both books, or they would never have ended as pleasantly as they do. Neither book impresses by its literary quality.

It was a remarkable chance indeed that sent Miss Kaye-Smith's heroine tramping on her own account in Sussex, that made her further the innocent mistress of a rather promiscuous Scotsman, and that introduced her to Raphael Moore. But Miss Kaye-Smith is a romantic artist, and she deals with somewhat *outré* and startling events. It is unusual for heroines to stab men, but it is still more unusual for them to have as much debate about going to prison for the crime as Sally had with her lover. The artificial conclusion of the story gives its reminiscent glow a disappointing quality, because Miss Kaye-Smith is so obviously able to create in the easiest imaginable style a picture of natural beauty hard to forget. All the more pity, therefore, that with so much talent she should have wasted it upon an unconvincing theme, and upon a heroine of whose vulgarity she seems hardly to be aware. This all arises from a fear of being feminine and namby-pamby, a fear which carries Miss Kaye-Smith into an exaggerated unconventionality of situation and language. But of the beauty of much of the book there can be no two opinions; it would be remarkable for that alone.

"White Witch" is a story of titled Germans, who seem a little obsessed by sentiment. It is terribly hard that two sisters should both engage themselves to the wrong men, when a little bluntness at a crucial moment might have saved them the inconvenience. As it is, the one manages to marry the man of her heart, while the other only achieves happiness in her marriage to an Englishman after some harassing experiences. More convincing, perhaps, in its handling of foreign notabilities, is Mr. William Wriothesley's "The Ambassadress." Mr. Wriothesley seems to know a great deal about the way conversation is sustained in diplomatic circles, and gives a very realistic (and not too dazzling) picture of an interesting kind of society. Here again there is a matrimonial misunderstanding—the over-zealous lovemaking of a spendthrift who discovers in time that his divinity has no money. It is, perhaps, hard to feel convinced that the two women

* "Chance the Piper." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder.)—"Ralph Raymond." By Ernest Mansfield. (Stanley Paul.)—"Patchwork Comedy." By Humfrey Jordan. (Putnam.)—"Pebble." By R. G. Behrens. (Duckworth.)—"Isle of Thorns." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Constable.)—"White Witch." By Meriel Buchanan. (Jenkins.)—"The Ambassadress." By William Wriothesley. (Heinemann.)—"Mr. Fleight." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Howard Latimer.)—"Father Ralph." By Gerald O'Donovan. (Macmillan.)—"Succession." By Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick & Jackson.) 6s. each.

(both coolly and strongly drawn) could have been deceived by a man in whom the author never for one moment allows us to believe; but, on the other hand, the love-making has an air of truth, and the background of society has all the conviction that arises from a hard adherence to observed fact. Chance, in the shape of the sudden accident to an amusing little boy, an accident which allows the heroine self-respectingly to remain unmarried, is worked rather obviously, which is a pity, considering that the quality of the book is high enough to stand above mere device.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's latest novel is a cynical romance of a Jewish soap-maker, blessed with millions, who aspires to political and social eminence. Mr. Hueffer handles "Mr. Fleight" (with his friends Mr. Blood and Miss McPhail) as though it were the easiest matter in the world to write an extravaganza. And it is remarkable that the fun, although not always in the best of taste, never flags. From the moment when Mr. Fleight correctly guesses Mr. Blood to be calculating the proportion of motor- to horse-vehicles passing his club on Derby day, to the moment of Mr. Fleight's achievement of the first great triumph of his progressive career, there is no doubt that Mr. Blood is an extraordinarily original character. He and his motley gang of beneficiaries are, without doubt, the most delightful persons in a book which is truly amusing.

Very different from "Mr. Fleight" is "Father Ralph," a sober and dignified study of the childhood, youth, and manhood of a young Irish priest who has in the end to forsake his calling. The book is written with intense sympathy which never seems to degenerate into prejudice. It contains a series of portraits—of priests and laymen alike—which, however slight, are all recognizable for those of persons who are more than shadows. And it gives, very simply, an appalling picture of the young priest's growth to detestation of the forces which combine to shatter his dream of "vocation." The book is hardly a story; it is a serious human narrative, depending upon no chance, but upon the honesty and virtue of its own conviction.

The present reviewer is not one of those who were so fortunate as to read Miss Ethel Sidgwick's "Promise"; but the further growth of Antoine Edgell, as described in Miss Sidgwick's new novel, "Succession," has an engrossing power of unusual quality. It is the story of a young musical genius, studied, as it were, with conscientious moderation. Miss Sidgwick's work is tremendously expert—so expert that the conversations, of which there are many, seem almost overpoweringly competent. They have a compression and a dove-tailing that is Meredithian, allied with an air of naturalness that might almost deceive an unsuspecting reader into supposing them exact. Somehow one carries from the book a sense of expertness rather than of vivid life; but it seems ungrateful to insist upon this aspect when the book as it stands, whatever the shortcomings produced by its competence, is so decided an achievement. For Chance has no hand here, so cunningly is Chance handled. All Chance is made so veracious and so apparently not Chance at all, but mere recital of essential action and reaction, that Chance seems to have lost its occupation, until we gloss it as Nature.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

FOLK-DRAMA.*

The portrait which prefaces Lady Gregory's new volume comes as an illumination, because it helps one to understand the author's outlook. The uplift in the eyes portends the acute vision of the confirmed idealist, while the soft kindly humorous mould of the lips gives a look of tender worldly wisdom to the face. The Celt is the spoilt darling of the human race—he, alone, can play pranks with the serious things of life—he alone can approach the holy things of the spirit with a levity that soils no halo—he also can make merry with the things of the soul. Upon that attitude towards reality rests the fact that the Irish school of dramatists have succeeded in raising the commonplaces of life into the realms of poetry. Thus, it happens that out of the most banal materials, the Celt, with child-like freshness, will evoke a soul that will blossom into poetry as easily as though it were common speech. Here is Cracked Mary, a "natural," speaking:

"All bad things quieten in the night time, and the ugly thing itself will put on some sort of a decent face."

And all through these five plays, you will find the common folks saying the grand things, with a sanctified simplicity that might easily be the despair of a minor poet. Through each play the shapes change, and I confess I find myself wondering sometimes whether they do take on the form of reality. It may be that I have seen too many examples of the Irish National Theatre—and somehow have learnt the trick of them—but occasionally, in this volume, the usually pure sense of abandon—the joy of life—becomes astonishingly infrequent, as though the inspiration had halted on the way. Perhaps it is that the material of Irish drama is confined to a range of self-conscious individualists who seem always to act "in the limes." "The Bogie Man," a duologue between two chimney sweeps, is delicious in its humour, always provided you allow the possibility of the situation. Two "harmless drifty lads" meet and discuss an expected meeting with their well-doing cousins, Dermot and Timothy, whose names have been dinned into them as models of virtue—only to discover that they are themselves respectively the cousins referred to.

"The Full Moon" is welcome, because it re-introduces us to that delightful rascal, Hyacinth Halvey, and shows how he managed to clear out of Cloon and of the excellent character he had been trying to lose, under the pretence that he had been bitten by a mad dog. The humour here is unforced, and like all the best humour, the characters are unconscious of it.

"Damer's Gold" has a half revealed vein of tragedy in it that lends a special savour to its dialogue. But for sheer throbbing beauty, a beauty that hurts just as it heartens, I like most of all "McDonough's Wife." The famous wandering piper came home from a carousal, in which he had spent all his earnings, to find the dead body of his wife. Neither in house nor pocket is there a penny left to save her from a pauper's grave. The artist in him calls out—his art will call the people to his side and he will conquer.

"And as to the rich of this world, I would not humble my head to them. Let them have their serving men and their labourers and messengers will do their bidding. But the servant I myself command is the pipes that draws its breath from the four winds, and from a wind that is beyond them again, and at the back of the winds of the air. She was a wedded woman and a woman having my own gold ring on her hand, and my own name put down with hers in the book. But she to have been a shameless woman as ye make her out to be, and sold from tinker to tinker on the road, it is all one! I will show Galway and the world that it does signify; that it is not fitting McDonough's wife to travel without company and good hands under her, and good following on the road. Play now, pipes, if you never played before! Call to the keeners to follow her with screams and beating of the hands, and calling out! Set them crying now with your sound and with your notes, as it is often you brought them to the dance-house."

The moral that art conquers all at the last is eminently satisfying to the artist. Lady Gregory's New Comedies are certainly a notable contribution to the Irish Folk History plays.

R. L.

* "New Irish Comedies." By Lady Gregory. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

INDIA AND THE INDIANS.*

Books about India are almost invariably interesting, and this book is no exception to the rule. It was written after many years spent at missionary work in the vicinity of Poona; it gives evidence of close and careful observation. But I think the title is somewhat a misnomer; Poona and its environs may be representative of the Deccan, but one could hardly generalize about Sind from experience gained

* "India and the Indians." By Edward F. Elwin. 10s. 6d. (John Murray.)

exclusively in Bengal, or draw conclusions regarding Rajputana from a study of the ethnology of Madras. And it is just this sort of thing which Mr. Elwin does. Had he restricted the application of his theories to the central Deccan and given the book an appropriate name, it would have been far better. "India is really waking up, but she is doing it in her own way." Is this really the case, or is Mr. Elwin unconsciously misled by the immediate local (and possibly impermanent) results of his missionary labours? Have we indeed reached the end of the period during which the myriads between Cape Comorin and "The Abode of Snow" have been content to "let the legions thunder past"—to regard material things as less important than the things of the spirit? According to the author the sea of thought into which the Indian mind was wont to plunge, no longer exists, but this view seems to do but scant justice to the Indian intellect. Surely that mind-plasm of which the Vedic Hymns are perhaps the noblest result, cannot have become absolutely sterile. *Can* India wake up effectively? Because the Baboo furnishes his house with cheap European furniture, because the pilgrim uses the railway, and the gramophone squeals at the village feast, are the e not abundant evidences that those strange, unmoral cults, so incomprehensible to the Western mind, are held to by the mass of the people as tenaciously as ever. Can the bonds of caste be thrown off? We have seen Japan break the chain of the Shogunate and arise like a freed giant, but the Shogunate was like a single chain, whereas caste might be compared to a multitude of tiny fibres, strangling every blood-vessel and compressing every nerve. But whatever may be thought of his conclusions, everyone must admire the painstaking and conscientious observation which Mr. Elwin has spent on the people to whose welfare he has apparently devoted his life.

W.C.S.

A SUBURB IN BOHEMIA.*

This is the best way to go to work in writing about London—to devote a separate volume to each district of it. So vast a place, so rich in every variety of interests, cannot be adequately dealt with in any other fashion. Mr. Eyre has found more than enough material in St. John's Wood alone to fill a large and well produced volume; he has the advantage of coming of a notable family that has been intimately connected with the neighbourhood for more than two centuries past, and he has the right historian's interest in everything concerning its origins, its growth, its famous houses and the haunts of its celebrities. He frankly admits that its reputation has not always been so respectable as it might have been, and gives entertaining accounts of some of the "fair dwellers in the Wood," who were responsible for that reputation, the most important of which is the record of the beautiful Miss Howard, who played such a prominent part in the career of Napoleon III., both during his exile in England and after he had made himself Emperor of the French.

But St. John's Wood has a multitude of better memories, all of which Mr. Eyre recalls for you. Hood lived there, and Mary Lamb, the Howitts, Shelley's Jane Williams, Jefferson Hogg, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Shirley Brooks, George Eliot, Mrs. Henry Wood, Douglas Jerrold, and many another; above all, it was and is the home of great artists. Some of Mr. Eyre's most delightful anecdotes are about Landseer, Leslie, Alma Tadema, Phil May, Frith, Sidney Cooper, and the members of the St. John's Wood Arts Club. Lord's Cricket Ground is duly honoured, nor is the strange story of Joanna Southcott forgotten. The "Eyre Arms" has a chapter to itself, and an excellent chapter, too. The whole subject is literally alive with interest, and Mr. Eyre has done amplest justice to it; he has a pleasantly gossipy, anecdotal style, and is at the same time a careful and thoroughly reliable chronicler. The numerous illustrations from old prints, sketches and photographs, complete the interest and usefulness of his book.

* "St. John's Wood." By Alan Montgomery Eyre. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

A POET, A PLAYWRIGHT, AND OTHERS.*

Mr. Mackereth is always worth listening to. He has a fine classical manner, a warm and rich vocabulary, some passion, and a fine sense of colour. Amid a batch of miscellaneous poetry his work stands out. One always feels that here is a poet with an artistic conscience. He has written all through the dark days for poetry when the poet was unwanted; and he brings to "Iolāus" the same high heart and courage, the old fire. One always feels that to him the making of poetry is well worth while. There are some very beautiful descriptive passages in "Iolāus," and the imagination is of a high order.

Mr. Darrell Figgis has taken the tragedy of Queen Draga for his play, finding "a subject made to his hand." The play has rapid movement and its moments of tense dramatic feeling. Though it is not great drama it is good picturesque moving drama, not without its purple patches. One would like to see it staged. Mr. Figgis wisely takes the great craftsmen for his models, and his work rises to that degree of dignity that one is not repelled by the Shakespearean manner. Queen Tara is no Lady Macbeth: but in the school of drama which Mr. Stephen Phillips adorns Mr. Figgis is a worthy worker. If Tara has no passages of great insight, yet there is poetry which increases with the movement of the play. The scene of the murder of the Queen, or rather the scene preceding it, has some very fine poetic moments and passages.

* "Iolāus." By J. W. Mackereth. (Longmans.)—"Queen Tara." By Darrell Figgis. (Dent.)—"A Boy's Will." By Robert Frost. (Nutt.)—"First Poems." By Max Plowman. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Poems." By A. Hugh Fisher. (Elkin Mathews.)

First meeting of "The Club": Alma Tadema posing for his silhouette.
From "St. John's Wood," by Alan Montgomery Eyre (Chapman & Hall).

The young poets who begin to spring up now that poetry is once again in favour are very like the host of young ones in the great little Renaissance of the 'eighties and 'nineties. They have all poetical ideas, poetic diction, the manner—if not the matter—of the poet, and there is life in what they have to say. If it will come to anything one knows not. Very often the young poet evolves quickly out of shapelessness. On the other hand, he may have to learn his art patiently. None of these three young poets is without promise. One may even have hopes of them as the poets of to-morrow, although they are not the poets but the disciples of to-day. Mr. Robert Frost is apparently an American, so one would like to be kind to him as a stranger. So far his achievement is no great matter: but he has a way of keeping one expectant, as though something good were sure to come. We shall look for it in another volume. "A Boy's Will" suggests young work. We shall hope to meet Mr. Frost another day.

"First Poems," by Max Plowman, is another volume which wakes the unreasonable hope. There is some magic of a long-lost Spring about it, some radiance from eyes of youth. He does not attain, but he seems always on the edge of attaining. Here, in a poem of Sussex, is a charming fancy, although the whole poem falls short of the magic poetry which has been written about this beloved county.

"Not in the mazes of her hair,
Thick woods that hide the open sky,
Nor where the lonely mountains dare
To lift their thought-wreathed foreheads high;
But where her bosom falls and swells,
To moulded downs and dimpled dells
Does she invite me
And delight me."

Almost beautiful. But "Thought-wreathed foreheads!"—unless, indeed, Mr. Plowman thinks on the men who have preceded him with praises of Sussex. And—are there mountains in Sussex?

Mr. Fisher is the best of the bunch of these three young poets. His work is indeed far more arresting than anything in the other two books. He has in a sense arrived. There is ease and accomplishment in his poetry, and a certain quaintness which is very pleasant. Here is a specimen of his work which has a classical touch.

"Time tames the beast and ripens
The fruit upon the bough,
Time wears the flint and lessens
The sharpness of the plough.

Time mitigates men's anger,
They say, and conquers woe,
But I two years am exiled
And still my torments grow.

Bulls bow their necks to labour,
And lions lose their ire;
And Indian monsters bend the knee,
And coursers ply for hire.

Big grapes break from their bunches,
Juice runs to purple waste:
And ears of corn grow ruddy
And apples sweet to taste.

Far distant is the city,
Home, wife and friends are far.
I hear the Scythian rabble
And watch an unknown star."

There is atmosphere in this simple thing.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.*

The history of the Rothschilds is the history of the vast credit system upon which our modern civilization is built up. Before the days of the great Frankfort family the credit system had a purely local and individual significance. It was the action of Maier Amschel Rothschild in sending his five sons to open banks in five great capital cities of Europe which spread the network of the system over a continent. The third son of Maier Amschel, the poor Jew from the Frankfort ghetto who founded the house, was Nathan Rothschild, who captured London and England, while his younger brother James ruled at Paris. The fourth son became the financial prince of Naples and Italy; the eldest controlled the situation throughout Germany from the original office of Frankfort; and the second son, Solomon, lived at Vienna as the Crœsus of the dual monarchy. In the first decade of the nineteenth century the Rothschilds were established in every financial centre of Europe. By their father's dying wishes they discussed every operation in concert. They were the precursors of an era of financial operations which could fully liberate the vast access of potentiality for wealth called the Industrial Revolution.

The power and the system of the Rothschilds were unprecedented. Their contemporaries did not understand their power, and perhaps they themselves were hardly conscious of its extent. More than British arms it was the Rothschilds' money which gave Napoleon his *coup de grâce;* and, although the credit system of to-day is vaster than the early Rothschilds dreamed of, even men of to-day can hardly understand the power that the Frankfort family possessed. There is no financial power to-day which can compare for unity and disciplined administration with the Rothschilds of three-quarters of a century ago. To-day the great financiers combine. They work by arrangement and agreement to eliminate competition. They form the most gigantic of all modern trusts (and on the smooth working of that trust our modern civilization entirely depends), but yet they are in competition. At the moment at which fear of the consequences of competition yields to a feeling of confidence of victory the weaker member is crushed. The Rothschilds were held together by other ties than those of momentary interest; they were united by the bonds of fraternal and filial affection, and together they wrought a miracle. It will never be seen again. It was because the Rothschild intelligence was so much in advance of the material civilization of their day that they became all-powerful. Their organisation was such that they possessed more information and more speedily than the most secret of secret services. The death-blow to their monopoly in information was the death-blow to their monopoly in financial power. The railways, which they did so much to develop on the Continent, and, above all, the electric telegraph, spelt the end of their power to "corner civilization." The debt that modern civilization owes to the Rothschilds is enormous, obscured though it be by the inevitable hatred of the wealthy monopolist. Their gift to the world was mobility of capital; to their efforts and their system modern States owe it that they were able to abandon the petty and wasteful methods of pre-French Revolution government, and modern commercial enterprise owes it that modern communications are excellent and improving, and that commercial enterprise itself in the elastic form of the joint-stock company is really existent.

In some such manner should the House of Rothschild be judged *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the phrase of Spinoza. The "Romance of the Rothschilds" rather leaves the real romance for the small-talk. The author's advantage is that small-talk concerning great men possesses always an individual fascination. The quixotic generosity of the founder of the house, Maier Amschel, is as pleasant to read about as the callous liberality of Nathan, the greatest Rothschild, is distasteful. It is difficult to feel oneself wholly in sympathy with the man who could say, as he did to his friend Buxton:

"Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks I have made a mistake, and, for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes. It is very amusing."

For all his magnificence of intellect and determination of character, there was something terribly hard in Nathan Rothschild. If he gave, it was like a blow in the face.

* "The Romance of the Rothschilds." By Ignatius Balla. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Balla gives us some interesting particulars of the relations between Heinrich Heine and Baron James, the Rothschild of Paris. Heine seems always to have preserved his financial independence, and some of his replies to what he considered the Baron's presumption must have been salutary in their effect.

"Baron James was conducting a large financial transaction, and he gave a very choice dinner in honour of the bankers who were staying in Paris. Heine was not invited to the dinner, but, when one of the guests at table expressed a wish to meet the poet, Rothschild replied that it could easily be managed He wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, asking Heine to come and take coffee with him. A footman took the note to Heine's house and returned with this reply to the baron's invitation:

"'M. le Baron, I usually take my coffee where I have had my dinner.'"

A book of anecdotes can hardly give the measure of the Rothschilds. "The Romance of the Rothschilds" certainly does not. It is, however, all that such a book would claim to be—a compilation of absorbing interest.

J. MIDDLETON MURRAY.

A VALIANT WOMAN.*

Mr. Edmund Maurice has chosen his own method for telling the life of Octavia Hill, and it is, perhaps, useless to complain that the plan adopted—the publication of letters written by Octavia Hill or sent to her, with a slender explanatory narrative linking up the correspondence—does not give us the full and complete biography we naturally desire. In fact, we want to know a great deal more about this gifted and remarkable woman than the letters reveal. We learn practically nothing of her attitude to the many social movements of the last fifty years of the nineteenth century, with the exception of Housing, Open Spaces, Organized Philanthropy, and Women's Suffrage. And yet Miss Hill must have had definite and well-grounded opinions on a number of topics.

However, there it is, and we must take the book as it stands, and with hearty acknowledgment of gratitude to Mr. Maurice for bringing us into the company of Octavia Hill. What a life of high-minded industry it is that is set out in these pages! A long life, too; responsibility accepted and well shouldered in girlhood, and no laying down of the burden till death came calling at the age of seventy-three. If responsibility is the test of courage, Octavia Hill was surely a valiant woman! Her impatience of committees was entirely natural. Her reliance on God and her own right arm was justified. How deeply she was indebted to her mother, and how bravely helped by her sisters is well brought out. And then the friends she had! There is a good deal about F. D. Maurice, Miss Emma Cons, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, and we have glimpses of Kingsley, the Brownings, Miss Davenport Hill, Dr. Furnivall, J. M. Ludlow, Vansittart Neale, Tennyson, and other famous persons. Above all there is John Ruskin looming large in the earlier years of Octavia Hill's public activity. The story of the unhappy separation has been told elsewhere, and is not recounted. Mr. Cockerell's efforts at reconciliation were evidently quite futile, and in Octavia Hill's view not to be encouraged. An evening in December, 1858, when Ruskin paid a visit to the Hills, is described by Emily Hill, and is one of the best things in the book. Ruskin on that occasion said of F. D. Maurice (championed by Octavia), "he could not follow him. He seemed like a man who did not see clearly, and was always stretching out, moving on in the right direction but in a fog." But Ruskin promised to try and understand Maurice. More personally on that memorable occasion: "Ruskin said for his part he was never happy except when he was selfish, when he shut himself up, and read only the books he liked, or enjoyed the sunshine and nature." Eighteen years later Ruskin wrote to Octavia Hill: "My question, a very vital one, is, whether it really never enters your mind at all that all measures of amelioration in great cities, such as your sister pleads for, and as you rejoice in having effected, may in reality be only encouragements to the great Evil Doers in their daily accumulating Sin?"

But Ruskin did well in committing his house property to Octavia Hill's charge—there can be no doubt about that.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* "Life of Octavia Hill, as told in Her Letters." Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. 16s. net. (Macmillan.)

IN LANDS AFAR.*

In these latter days when, practically speaking, the whole world has been explored, when the telegraph wire runs across what but a couple of decades ago were the waste spaces of the map, when it is almost impossible to get out of reach of the law of one of the great civilized nations, the writing of a really good travel book has become infinitely difficult. There is no longer the likelihood of fresh discoveries wherewith to thrill the reader. Literary merit must, of necessity, be the main factor, and the highest form of literary merit in a volume of this class is the power to interest the reader in your own personality,

* "Adventures Beyond the Zambesi." By Mrs. Fred Maturin. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)—"Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." By W. C. Scully. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)—"Confessions of a Tenderfoot." By Ralph Stock. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Mozambique." By R. N. Lyne. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.).

Mrs. Fred Maturin.

Frontispiece portrait from "Adventures beyond the Zambesi." (Evelsigh Nash.)

Mr. W. C. Scully.

Reproduced from "M.A.B." by courtesy of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

to force him to go on with the book, not for the sake of the knowledge he will gain, but because he is anxious to discover how you, yourself, came out of it in the end.

Judged by this standard—and I am certain it is the correct one—Mrs. Fred Maturin has written an exceedingly good book. From the geographer's point of view it is almost negligible; from the company promotor's point of view it is quite so; but as a vivid piece of writing, as a revelation of what must be a delightful personality, and as an absolutely faithful picture of life on the veld beyond Railhead, it deserves a wide popularity.

"Adventures beyond the Zambesi" comes as a welcome surprise. Several other women writers have produced expensive volumes on their travels in Rhodesia, as well as novels of Rhodesian life; but it has remained for Mrs. Fred Maturin to produce one which was worth buying—and keeping. The other Rhodesian books by women have been so obviously and blatantly written to order—written to please a Government which gave travelling facilities, and also supplied many official pamphlets as the basis for copy. In Mrs. Fred Maturin's case it is self-evident that she has no axe to grind. No one else has ever described a hunting trip so vividly, so delightfully, so truthfully. As an old resident in Rhodesia in the early days, an old transport-rider, trader, and hunter, I can appreciate it all; but I believe that those who have never set foot in the Land of Unfulfilled Promises will derive just as keen enjoyment from it.

It is the personal note which tells, even more than the accuracy of detail, great though the latter is. The author is a living entity, not merely someone who has set down the record of certain happenings. She enjoyed it, despite the dangers and discomforts, despite the financial anxieties of which, here and there, she gives us a glimpse, and we enjoy it with her; but, perhaps, the best thing is really the simply-told love-story at the back of it all, a story which, apparently, she could not keep out, because it became such an essential part of it all.

A good many people may wish that she had put in a little less concerning the question of female suffrage, arguing rightly that we get more than enough of that subject in the daily papers; but those dull pages are easily skipped. A more serious offence really is that she allows her printers to spell "veld" in the German way, with a final t. This is, as a rule, done only by the veriest amateurs amongst writers on South Africa, and she, as everyone knows, is not an amateur.

If Mrs. Fred Maturin has struck the right note in travel books—and I hold that she has done so—it is impossible to say that any of my other three authors has been wholly successful, although it is only fair to add that Mr. Lyne did not set out to produce a volume of this kind, his work being essentially of the informative type, almost of the technical type.

In a way, Mr. Scully had a far better chance than Mrs. Fred Maturin, because his subject matter is so far more important. The things he has to tell us have, or should have, a distinct historical value. But he has not written them as history—the history of the early days of the diamond and gold-mining industries in South Africa—and as reminiscences they leave one a little cold. The man himself is not in them. Certain things happened to him. Obviously, he had both personal courage and ability, and yet, as you read the book, you never seem actually to see the author, or to care about his fate. He is someone telling you—and telling you well, in excellent English—of things which happened in the sixties, of the making of the history of South Africa; and yet, as you close the book, you still feel that you do not know him. To use a detestable, though convenient, phrase, there is not the "human touch."

The book is good, and deserves to be widely read, but one cannot help hoping that in the continuation which Mr. Scully promises—this is but the first instalment, and might have well been longer—the author will remember that he himself is of far more interest to the reader than are the other folk of whom he tells us.

The "Confessions of a Tenderfoot" has some of the same failings as Mr. Scully's Reminiscences, and it has many of the same good points. It is written in nice, clean, lucid English; it has some thoughtful, even valuable, passages on problems, such as the coolie-labour question in Fiji, and yet, save in the first few pages, the writer does not succeed in making himself an actual personage to us. We know little more about him at the end than we did at the beginning, except that he possessed unlimited grit and resource, that nothing seemed to daunt him, and—that he must have any amount of splendid copy, which we hope he will use by-and-bye.

I do not want to infer that the book is a failure. Far from that. It is an excellently-told narrative of a man's wanderings in Canada, the Pacific, and Australasia. True, it has not the historical value of Mr. Scully's work, because it tells of things as they are to-day; but every page in it is of interest. My only criticism of it is that it, too, lacks the intimate personal touch which makes Mrs. Fred Maturin's story so fascinating.

"Mozambique" is of another order altogether. It is the work of an official, and an expert, writing of the things he has seen and learnt in his official capacity. It is a book for students and possible investors, rather than for the general public. Personally, it interested me, because some ten years ago I explored a large portion of the Mozambique territory for the Government, being the first white man to go through the rubber-producing districts, which the author calls Mandanda, though I knew them as the N'Dandine.

There was certainly a need for a volume dealing with this subject, and, to a certain extent, Mr. Lyne has supplied that need. On the other hand, it is a pity that he did not go more fully into his subject—obviously he knows it thoroughly—give more details, more figures, and produce a real book of reference. Some of his statements, especially those relating to rubber, will come as a surprise to many people. I, for one, was under the impression that, in consequence of an international agreement, the destructive boiled-rubber industry had long since been rendered impossible. Certainly, ten years ago, the Germans would allow no boiled rubber to pass out through any of their ports. I am sure, too, that some of his remarks on the Lanndolphia rubber creeper will arouse controversy. Still, though it may be lacking in one or two respects, "Mozambique" is quite worthy to be classed with the other three volumes as being worth reading.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

MODERN GRUB STREET.*

In his new book of essays, Mr. A. St. John Adcock takes a refreshingly cheerful view of the general prospects of life on the sunnier side of Grub Street. Most writers on the topic —successful or fairly successful men themselves—always seem to me to discourage the young literary adventurer for some secret purpose. Sometimes I suspect they are trying to prevent the most open of professions from becoming too overcrowded; but on the whole, I take it, they cry down their own way of life with an ironical smile, well knowing that if a man has it in him to write for a living, nothing they say will make him change his mind. Mr. Adcock is more honest and franker. He says:

"If you have a reasonable aptitude for literary pursuits, and are content to accept the pleasure of indulging it in part payment for your labours, you may have to face lean years of hardship, impecuniosity, disappointment, but eventually, so that you are sufficiently energetic and adaptable, you can earn a comfortable and congenial income with your pen."

That is about the truth of the matter. In a very interesting and illuminating bit of autobiography he goes on to tell the story of his own struggles. He started at the bottom rung of the ladder of literature, and for some years everything was against him. Ill luck and ill health beat him down, and he learnt to know Modern Grub Street on its gloomy side better than Gissing did. In Gissing's well-known novel of literary life in London, the native pessimism and idiosyncracies of the author rather obscure the picture of the real misery and squalor of the misadventurers in letters and journalism. Mr. Adcock gives an intimate and striking sketch of some of the sad, strange figures he has met in the slum of the republic of literature, and concludes that "Grub Street as a phase of life is very much what it has been since literature has been a profession." Men of talent, and sometimes of genius, live and die in it as Otway, Savage and Chatterton died. And helpless incompetence and drunken thriftlessness have increased the number of its inhabitants. Johnson and Goldsmith fought their way through it from starvation to fame. Bohemia, as we know, has a sea coast, and many are the wrecks that occur on it. Waifs of all the arts drift there: singers of every sort from the music hall and the grand opera; painters who perhaps exhibited once at the Academy and barely exist on the poor hackwork they occasionally sell to dealers; and flotsam from the theatres is heaped up on the Bohemian shore now that the picture palaces are spreading to the hurt of the stage.

By entering it young, getting out of it quickly, and looking back at it over a cigar, in the days of hard work and comparative comfort, there is an atmosphere of romance to be found in the retrospect. But Mr. Adcock will not take this easy view. His Grub Street is the real thing of to-day—a heart-breaking place. There are both humour and tragedy of a curious sort in the story he tells, in another essay, of one of the small potentates of Modern Grub Street. This man was a sort of literary company promoter—a humble Machiavelli of the lower world of journalism. He had the knack of getting money to start new ventures, and the still rarer art of keeping a crowd of creditors in subjection. He was a master of resource and a monument of selfishness. So at least Mr. Adcock, who worked some years on and off for him, thought. Yet he gave his life to save a girl, unknown to him, when the *Stella* went down, getting out of a boat and returning to the wreck, when the girl's father appealed to a boatload of passengers to find a seat for his daughter.

There are many fine human touches in Mr. Adcock's essays. For he writes on literature with his eyes on life. Readers of "From a London Garden" know him for a true poet with an original vision and a happy power of expression. Yet in an article on "Poetry and the Public" he confesses that his sympathies are with the large number of people who do not read modern poems. And he will not agree that the workaday millions are not open to influences of the highest poetic sort. There is finer poetry in life and nature, he argues, than there is in books; and most men and women go direct to the sources of inspiration when they need uplifting above their daily cares. It is a remarkably unusual point of view, and Mr. Adcock develops it with eloquence and impassioned sincerity. In another series of articles he continues his curious, picturesque series of "London Etchings," one of his most charming works in prose. Then, by way of variety, he mingles with his memories, sketches and character studies, some keen and humorous satires on modern society. But through all the delightful variety of "Modern Grub Street" runs the personality of the writer—friendly, original, whimsical and winning, and richly experienced in life.

E. W.

* "Modern Grub Street and Other Essays." By A. St. John Adcock. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

W. E. HENLEY.*

Mr. Cope Cornford knew Henley, and it is the personal touch about it that adds wonderfully to the charm of this admirable little biography. The very first lines capture your interest: "The door opened, and a big man was suddenly framed in the opening. He supported himself with one hand pressed against the woodwork, the other bearing upon an ivory-handled stick. His great head was poised a little backward upon broad shoulders; his upstanding hair and fine-spun beard were of a tawny hue; the eyes of a clear blue, their gaze direct and yet as though dwelling upon far things; the mouth was full-lipped, the face large and square of jaw. So entered into the dark little room in College Street, Westminster, where he was editing the *National Observer*, and into the life of the present writer, one of the greatest forces in English letters of the later Victorian age, William Ernest Henley." From such a beginning one anticipates a more than ordinarily intimate study, and the anticipation is fulfilled. From an interesting and acute consideration of the era into which Henley was born, Mr. Cornford passes to a concise but full enough story of "the abundant and gallant life" of the poet whose best work, he believes, will yet come to rank "with the best in literature." The chapters devoted to Henley's criticism and journalism and to his poetry, though they are charged

* "W. E. Henley." By L. Cope Cornford. 1s. net. (Constable.)

W. E. Henley.

From a photograph taken at Worthing, in 1889, by Mr. W. B. Blaikie. From "William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford (Constable).

with the enthusiasm of one who knew and loved the man, are marked by a scholarly and critical discernment. Its vivid drawing of Henley's strong personality and its careful estimate of his work give this little book a real and permanent value. It is much the best essay on Henley that has yet been written.

A HISTORY OF EUROPE.*

He is a bold man who sits down to write a historical text-book on Europe from classical times to the present age, and designedly omits to narrate the story of our own Islands and the British Empire. Mr. Grant has not acted without much deliberation, the upshot of which has convinced him that such a sketch as might be included would be so meagre as not to deserve the space which it would occupy. Hence the schools that adopt Mr. Grant's book (and we anticipate that there will be many) must employ an equally good English text-book.

When Dr. Johnson observed what a paucity of really authentic history there was, and that the only facts we possessed related to the reigns of certain kings and the fighting of certain battles, Boswell spiritedly replied: "Then, sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." The remark was made in the presence of Gibbon, who was then at work upon his history. The revolution that has taken place of late in the writing of historical text-books has fortunately affected Mr. Grant. To his great credit the author has eschewed presenting us with a bewildering number of dates and battles and statesmen, and has confined himself to essentials. It is a good index to the author's treatment of his subject when we find that the book opens with a poem of Sophocles and closes with a sonnet of Wordsworth's, a welcome innovation which Mr. Grant defends in his preface. The schools are beginning to realise that they have not discharged their obligations to history when they have rushed boys through an examination text-book, and hitherto only scholarship boys have been encouraged to tackle European history. We welcome, therefore, the timely appearance of this new book. It is well printed, has ten capital maps, a satisfactory index, and its bibliography alone would entitle it to a place on the bookshelf of every intelligent man. The author has a gift for condensation, as is evidenced in the last chapter, entitled "The Present Age," a period presenting many pitfalls to historians. He surveys Europe to-day and notes the existence of the "national omnicompetent" State. Contrasting the past and present functions of the State, he comments on the tremendous influence of Germany, and concludes by observing that, although literature and newspapers and religion are as yet outside the sphere of its activities, there are not lacking indications that to these also its control may extend. Why does Mr. Grant include "religion" in this category? Further features of modern Europe are Internationalism and Socialism, and the awakening of the social conscience of Europe. In reviewing the prospect for the continuance of peace the author sanely remarks that:

"Peace breeds peace, as war breeds war, and it may without optimism be anticipated that the practice of arbitration will grow and that, if the European Powers are restrained from actual conflict for some time, they will become more and more unwilling to plunge into war, and more and more ready to adopt a more excellent way. . . . The history of man shows us the evolution of peace."

A HUMAN BOY AND ANOTHER†

These two books have for central figure a boy verging on manhood; and in the one the boy is the public's beloved friend, Wee Macgreegor, now sixteen years of age, while in the other the youth is the son of Eliza, a delightful London woman invented by Mr. Barry Pain, who has made more than one volume about the lady, her husband, and her household. The sixteen-year-old Macgreegor is a very human boy; Eliza's son a baleful abstraction. Macgreegor is a sincere attempt to depict a Glasgow halflin; Eliza's son an equally sincere attempt to provide farce of a thoroughly 1913 and knowing order. Both attempts are successful.

Mr. Barry Pain is a skilful and experienced craftsman and humorist; and in "Eliza's Son" he does not seek to portray even a type of boy. Mr. Pain's aim is amusement; and owl-like indeed must be the reader who is not amused by the diary of the spectacled, precocious, and unpleasant youth. His unpleasantness is unquestionable; he is a prig, a snob, and a money-grabber; and the curious thing is that, even with all these characteristics, he supplies material for laughter. He takes a detached stand. He has something akin to contempt for his father, a very indefinite something in the City, and he writes of him:

"Pa does up parcels just a bit too well. He must have had a lot of practice at one time. He blows to any extent about the importance of 'my firm' as he calls it, but he tells me precious little about his early days before he became a partner. . . . Putting these and other things together, I have come to the conclusion that Pa never had any proper education, and was, at one time, in a very lowly position—probably an errand boy."

Nice lad, Eliza's son! Light is shed on himself by himself in this entry:

"I always keep a stock of pens at school, and less careful boys who find themselves without a pen come to me for one. I sell them at a fair profit, and thus, helping others, I help myself."

A fine personality is Eliza herself, of whom we have too little. That she is the old Eliza, however, is suggested. "Pa" presided at a presentation to a clerk. Pa forgot his carefully-prepared speech, but very late at night made an impromptu speech that "lasted for fourteen minutes, which, Pa said, showed the irony of fate. Ma said it showed something or other, anyhow."

Eliza's son is going to Oxford or Cambridge—whichever will pay him most in the shape of a scholarship. It is to be trusted his University career makes as comic a book as "Eliza's Son."

In sharp contrast with the little Cockney marionette is Big Macgreegor, "in the pentin' trade," and it is affectionately he is shown forth by his creator. The Robinson family—as kindly, agreeable, and natural as ever—are presented much as they were before; save, of course, for such changes as were inevitable in the passing of the years; but Jimsie is now a schoolboy, and Jimsie is in himself a Wee Macgreegor—a frank, animated query, with many "Whit weys?"

As in the book that made the name and fame of Mr. J. J. Bell, so in "Courtin' Christina" we have a real Glasgow atmosphere and sentiment of a working-class home-circle. It is a book precisely to the liking of those who liked "Wee Macgreegor"; and it is highly charged with this kind of passage, in which is Mr. Bell's chief strength:

The kitchen door opened. "Whaur are ye gaun, Macgreegor?" asked his mother.

"Oot," he replied briefly, and went. Going down the stairs he felt sorry somehow. Sons often feel sorry somehow, but mothers may never know it.

When Lizzie, hiding her hurt, had shut the kitchen door, Mr. Purdie said softly: "That question an' that answer, ma dear, are as auld as human natur'."

Macgreegor was a precocious youngster. He is precocious in love. We are introduced to three of his girls; but the real affection is for Christina, the bright and very Glasgow shop-assistant, whose masterful ways and pert tongue and good heart are a ready well known to Mr. Bell's public. The courtship runs with a fair degree of smoothness, and Macgreegor disregards the advice of feckless, blasé Willie Thomson (another familiar figure), who says:

"An' if I was you, I wud let girls alane. They're nae fun, an' they're awfu' expensive."

"Courtin' Christina" is a worthy little work, likely to cheer the hundreds of thousands who found delight in "Wee Macgreegor." In particular will it cheer and solace Scots beyond the seas.

DAVID HODGE.

* "A History of Europe." By A. J. Grant. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

† "Eliza's Son." By Barry Pain. 1s. net. (Cassell.)—"Courtin' Christina." By J. J. Bell. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

STRINDBERG AGAIN.*

The sudden interest in Strindberg that has sprung up in England since his so recent death is uncommonly odd. But, as a matter of fact, it very largely centres in one book, the powerful "Confession of a Fool," and it is not at all likely that the two before us will add much to his reputation. "The Confession of a Fool" was certainly a remarkable document, intimate, pathetic, and written with great artistic power, but it has been followed unfortunately by a host of translations of inferior work. The truth is that Strindberg at his worst is simply an unspeakable bore, of a quite intolerably self-centred and morbid kind. On the other hand, in spite of his having written far too much, he always maintains that clarity and force of language which marks his work as highly distinguished.

The first of these volumes "The Son of a Servant," belongs to his series of autobiographical books and deals, under a thin disguise with Strindberg's own youth. It is not a particularly interesting work, and one cannot help feeling that Strindberg must have been rather an unhealthy and irritating child. He was unhappy certainly, but then he was one of these children that seem born to be unhappy. The book is valuable in its acute analysis of emotions; but in such things it is no deeper than is Tolstoy's "Childhood," and it has not one tithe of its beauty. Now and then there are striking descriptions in it such as this:

"One night his father's voice woke him from sleep. He started up, and found it dark in the room. Through the darkness he heard a deep, trembling voice: 'Come to mother's death-bed.' It went through him like a flash of lightning. He froze and shivered while he dressed, the skin of his head felt ice-cold, his eyes were wide-open and streaming with tears, so that the flame of the lamp looked like a red bladder!"

"In Midsummer Days" is a very different sort of work. It is a volume of stories which are either fairy stories or stories with such a marked didactic tendency that they are really fables. In all there are thirteen of them, and the whole volume is quite a short one. They are written, no doubt, for children, and with all the particular kind of simplicity and moral intention which children are supposed to appreciate. They remind one of Hans Andersen, but they have not Hans Andersen's glamour. Yet they are full of delightful touches and their very baldness has a certain charm. Decidedly the author of "Miss Julia" was a versatile man to have produced also "In Midsummer Days."

The best of these tales is, perhaps, "Half a Sheet of Foolscap," a very short but really moving description of a young widower's memories. Here are the last paragraphs of this beautiful little story or fable:

"He could not read what followed, for it grew dark before his eyes; he might have been a drowning man trying to see through salt water. And yet, there it was written, plainly enough: 'undertaker—a large coffin and a small one.' And the word 'dust' was added in parenthesis.

"It was the last word of the whole record. It ended with 'dust!' and that is exactly what happens in life.

"He took the yellow paper, kissed it, folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"In two minutes he had lived again through two years of his life.

"But he was not bowed down as he left the house. On the contrary, he carried his head high, like a happy and proud man, for he knew that the best things life has to bestow had been given to him. And he pitied all those from whom they are withheld. . . ."

No, these two books will not and, indeed, should not add to Strindberg's reputation over here.

And now we come to a book about Strindberg by a lady who has lately been achieving fame in another direction. Miss Lind-af-Hageby is herself a Swede and is herself strongly imbued with the spirit of revolt, so she has a double claim to present Strindberg to English readers. She writes perhaps, with more ardour than critical acumen, but then her book on Strindberg is hardly meant for other than a very personal opinion. Largely through his own autobiographical writings she follows this singular and tortured man through the various phases of his life. One gathers a fair but not too attractive picture of Strindberg from her book. He was one of these men who simply could not be happy for long, although no one ever desired happiness more profoundly. The fact is he was a rebel, and to rebels the present is invariably depressing. This acute misery and dissatisfaction tinges his work in too personal a sense. It may well make him doubly exciting at the moment but it is bound to militate against him in the long run. As soon as posterity ceases to be interested in Strindberg (and he is a man of whom they will soon weary) they will cease to be interested in his work. He has little of that severe artistic aloofness which has the golden quality of agelessness; and, moreover, he dissipated his strength in far too many experiments. He was always seeking fresh fields to conquer, and thus he seldom achieved the highest rank in any one field. His writings seem almost dated with an invisible ink that will grow clearer and clearer as the years pass away and show the just perspective. So Strindberg, with all his passionate intensity and startling ability, has himself made the rope that will hang him. At any rate, that's how it strikes me. Perhaps I am wrong.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "The Son of a Servant." By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. 3s. 6d. net. (Rider.)—"In Midsummer Days." By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. 5s. net. (Howard Latimer.)—"August Strindberg." By L. Lind-af-Hageby. With 28 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

A LYRIC LOVE.*

Once upon a time there was a perfect music-teacher who greatly desired a perfect pupil. In the fulness of time his longing was marvellously gratified; for the ironic gods, who love nothing so much as giving man unhappiness in the form of his desired felicity, bestowed upon the perfect music-teacher a daughter who so responded to his fierce tuition that she could play before she could talk, and read musical scores before she could stumble through a child's primer. The perfect teacher essayed to make her such a pianist as never before had been. She was a daughter, but she was even more in his eyes: she was the embodiment of a System; and as time rolled on, the System so far justified itself that the little girl's reputation grew even more rapidly than her body. Now of systems one of our own poets hath said:

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be;"

an observation that is singularly just, though, in its present application, a little short of the truth; for it is a tragic fact that, long before a system has ceased to be, a great many of its victims have also ceased to be, some painfully and bitterly, and some joyfully as if they were glad to go away and repose in the earth where systems have no power. Sir Austin Absworthy Bearne Feverel, Baronet, had a system and a son. His system had only one fault: it had systematically overlooked woman; and the issue of that omission was tragedy. So in our present case. Friedrich Wieck, the perfect music-teacher, had a system and a daughter. It provided for everything except the coming of man; and the arrival of a lover in the shape of another pupil, named Robert Schumann, began what might have been a tragedy, and what, at its best, was a time of bitter suffering for all concerned.

There are none so blind as those who see by system. That Clara, worse than motherless, defrauded of a child's natural joy in life, and drilled into something like a perfect pianola, should grow up to adore the vivacious and tenderly playful young man who shared the house and lessons was something that Wieck had made no allowance for. "I have not enjoyed my youth at all," she wrote to Robert, "you will make up to me for it." The only love Wieck thought necessary in the case was the love a father had a right to exact from his daughter; and, in asserting his claim, he did what ill-inspired lovers always do, he made himself entirely hateful. He employed against Schumann

* "Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life." By Berthold Litzmann. Translated and abridged by Grace E. Hadow, with a Preface by W. H. Hadow. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Macmillan.)

any ugly, dirty weapon he could find, with the inevitable result that he injured himself more than his victim. He tried to make the poor girl feel the need of his strong guidance and support by driving her off to undertake a concert tour alone in distant Paris; and so drove her, as any human and unsystematic person could have foreseen, straight out of his life and into her lover's arms.

The union that followed is one of the poems in the history of music. Its general likeness to the story of the Brownings is very remarkable; yet the differences are also noteworthy. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were both poets; but though Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck were both musicians, one was essentially a creator and the other an interpreter. To put it baldly, one was a rather unpopular composer who needed quiet in the house, and the other was a very famous pianist who needed noise. Indeed, she was now specially anxious to keep up her practice so that her concert earnings might leave the composer-husband unharassed by material cares. That the difficulties were all surmounted is testimony not only to their great love, but also to something else that does not always co-exist with great love, namely, their great goodwill. In one short poem an inspired singer tells us "Love seeketh not itself to please" and "Love seeketh only self to please." It is hard to recognize the truth of both these opposites. Between them lies the narrow and difficult path of happiness in love, and few there be that find it—among artists fewest of all, art being a kind of third self, insistent upon sole service.

There was yet another difference. The two Brownings pursued their separate courses and, as far as the public is concerned, neither owed anything to the other. But the loveliest fact in the union of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck is the eager devotion with which the artist wife became the prophet and interpreter of her husband's message. When the great blow fell, and Robert passed to something worse than death, it became the mission of this dear, heroic woman to give the world, through herself, all that was good of the man upon whom the darkness of imbecility had descended for ever. So well did she do it, that, to a forgetful generation, the end has almost eclipsed the means. Schumann's greatness as a lyric poet in music is so secure that we have almost come, nowadays, to take him for granted; but we must not forget to whom we owe not only that very familiarity, but often the inspiration and spirit of the music itself.

Such a book as this is worthy of the beautiful story that it tells. It is long, but there is not a word too much; for the biographer has reduced himself to the happy minimum and left the carefully chosen passages from diaries and letters to make their own intimate revelation. The book is highly valuable, too, as a piece of history. In 1819 when Clara was born at Leipsic, in the household of a musician and in one of the greatest centres of music, Beethoven had still eight more years to live and Schubert nine. Mendelssohn was ten, Chopin nine, Liszt eight, and Wagner six. Brahms, Tchaikovsky and the other great moderns were still to come. When she was born the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D were barely sketched; and in the year when she died, Strauss's "Zarathustra" received its first performance. This is a lengthy, but perhaps rather graphic, way of saying that her life covers almost the whole nineteenth century from the end of the great classical period to the dawn of the most uncompromisingly modern music. Her life and work as a great pianist brought her into contact with almost every musician of note, and her views, pure and honest even when they seem to us a little angular and restricted, are invariably suggestive and vivid. To English readers in particular some pages will have a special interest. Whether looked at through the eyes of Clara Schumann or the very different eyes of Richard Wagner, musical England in the mid-nineteenth century hardly presents an attractive appearance. At least we have improved upon Dr. Wylde of the Philharmonic Society and John Ella of the Musical Union. "They call it a rehearsal here," she writes, "if a piece is played through once." She noticed that, at a concert where the Queen was present, everybody paid attention to the sovereign and gave none to the music. She was scornful of the poor stuff that was played, and especially of the taste that could endure Robert's "Geburtstagsmarsch" played upon the organ. Well! our audiences not only endure, but even admire, Chopin's Funeral March (expressly written for an instrument of one colour) decked out with variegated tints by organ or orchestra. Vulgarity of taste can hardly go further than that, so let us be careful how we condemn our forefathers. It is characteristic of the English that they never cease to love an artist who has once broken into their affections. Madame Schumann gratefully acknowledged that. Self-revealed as she is in such a book as this, her audience must grow ever wider. Those who heard her, loved her; and we who can only read of her, love her too.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

FROM BOTH SIDES.*

Nothing is more interesting than to bracket together two books on the same subject written from entirely different points of view. No contrast could possibly be greater than that afforded by "Two Years under the Crescent" and "With the Bulgarian Staff." After reading them one inevitably feels a little uneasy concerning ancient history, compiled in the days when there was, perhaps, but one historian to a century. Was that historian not, in all probability, as prejudiced as his modern successor? Not only is there a strong contrast in the views expressed in these two books, but there is an equally great difference in the personalities of the authors. Mr. Seppings Wright is a brilliant artist and journalist, a man whose task it is to collect the truth—as picturesquely as possible, of course—for the public, a trained observer; Mr. Noel Buxton is a politician, chairman of the Balkan Committee, a specialist on the wrongs of the Balkan peoples and the wickedness of the Sick Man. Mr. Seppings Wright went, first to Tripoli, then to Turkey, to get copy; Mr. Buxton went, with the Bulgarian staff, to obtain confirmation of his own views. In their way both succeeded, but it would be a great mistake to read "With the Bulgarian Staff" and not to read "Two Years under the Crescent."

Candidly I consider the latter to be by far the best book on the war which I have seen so far. Every line in it is interesting, despite the fact that it is distinctly long. The author has, very wisely, not attempted to produce anything in the nature of a history of either the Italian or the Balkan campaigns, but has simply written a clear, straightforward account of his own experiences during those wars.

The history of a modern war will always be written—copiously, severely, dispassionately—by military experts, and practically no one, save other experts, will ever attempt to read it; but the human side of a war—and Mr. Seppings Wright is essentially human—must always be fascinating, despite the inevitable horrors.

Mr. Seppings Wright went out to Tripoli, for the Central News, knowing nothing of the Turk save, of course, the ordinary vague, and more or less fanatical, charges brought against him; yet, at the end of two years he is able to say:

"He (the Turk) may be described as brave, unselfish, hospitable, generous, as well as pious, gentle, and charitable; he is, at the same time, a gentleman in every sense of the word. . . . It is with great regret that I have been compelled to record the reverses sustained by a really noble and generously disposed nation."

These words, coming from a man of the author's experience and standing, coupled with the evidence afforded by his own clear and simple narrative, are not to be lightly set aside.

So far as the purely topical side of "Two Years under the Crescent" is concerned, the portions relating to the work of dirigible balloons and airships in warfare is the

* "Two Years Under the Crescent." By H. C. Seppings Wright. 10s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet & Co.)—"With the Bulgarian Staff." By Noel Buxton, M.P. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

most interesting portion. The author has himself had some exciting experiences of bomb-dropping, and his views on the subject are distinctly valuable. For the rest, he never strains things, never tries to overdo the agony; but, through the whole of his story you see the long-drawn-out misery of the brave, patient Turks, badly-equipped, badly-led, badly-fed, toiling through the mud of Thrace, or across the sand of the desert, to fight a hopeless battle, and then retreating doggedly, to make a fresh stand, and suffer a fresh defeat.

Mr. Noel Buxton's book has one outstanding merit—it is undisguisedly partial. To him the Turk is anathema. He can see only one side—the Bulgarian. He writes, all the time, as the chairman of the Balkan Committee, whose existence was justified only by the sins of the Sick Man of Europe. One cannot help admiring his frankness, even though it may not always be possible to accept all his statements. The pity of it is that he did accept all the statements of his hosts, the Bulgarian General Staff. Many of the charges he makes are so grave that they should not have been set down unless he was prepared to vouch for them from his own personal experience.

In view of what Mr. Seppings Wright, and a host of other journalists of world-wide repute, have told us, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Buxton expects us to take the following passage literally:

"On the battlefield, he (the Turk) with personal and national safety depending on his alert attention, spends his time in mutilating a wounded enemy. He wastes cartridges, before the fight, in shooting women and children. Sometimes, when succoured by the enemy's doctor, the wounded Turk turns and kills him."

Is such a sweeping indictment of a defeated nation quite fair, unless a hundred duly authenticated instances can be quoted? The soldiers who defended Plevna and Adrianople, the men who died in the Shipka Pass, were surely not of that type.

The account which Mr. Buxton gives of the Bulgarian hospital arrangements does, however, ring true, though his hosts may not thank him for having given it. The "amateur dressers," of whom he was one, seem to have had very little previous experience. He speaks of "lumps of cotton wool which lay in a dish of 'sublimate' (a transparent fluid of whose exact chemistry we were all ignorant)." In this case a little knowledge would not have been dangerous. After the "sublimate" the raw flesh was "scrubbed as with a scrubbing-brush" and iodine rubbed on, "digging it in with a small stick." One is not surprised to learn that, after seeing surgery of this kind, "I was able to work as brutally as the rest." It is hard to believe that the author is always serious; nor can one think that, as a member of the House of Commons, he really grasps the inner meaning of the slighting references to his own nation which he makes on pages 154 and 164. In many ways the book is not a pleasant one, and Mr. Buxton would do well to revise it carefully in the event of a second edition being required. He has written it too hurriedly, without due reflection.

S.P.H.

THE POSITIVE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.*

The Positivists have had their own share of gibes and jests from the outside, since Mortimer Collins wrote his witty lines:

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,—
Then he was Man—and a Positivist.

"If you are pious (mild form of insanity)
Bow down and worship the mass of humanity.
Other religions are buried in mists;
We're our own gods, say the Positivists."

Mr. Harrison patiently refutes these sallies of the profane, and endeavours, in this volume of lectures and essays, to remove the popular misconceptions of Positivism as well as to compare it with the various forms of contemporary theism, much to their disadvantage. The title is far too large for the contents. There is a valedictory air about the book. It is dedicated to Mr. Swinny, his successor at Newton Hall, and it really sums up Mr. Harrison's views upon what is understood by religion from the standpoint of Positivism. He candidly admits the slow growth of Positivism. "The numbers of Comte's adherents are few, scattered, and slowly increasing in comparison with many religious movements round us." As a set-off to this, he reflects that the spirit of Comte's tenets is much more widely diffused than the number of professing Positivists would suggest. The book ends in an optimistic key. "As Comte did not discover the religion of Humanity, but only put into organic shape the floating aspirations of his century, so there are millions who confess Humanity in ways, it may be, different from ours, not openly with their lips, but visibly in their lives and passionately in their hearts, and who may be far nearer, it may be, to the real Humanity than those who have seen Comte with their eyes, and who yearly or weekly appeal to Humanity in their services." This is a catholic and generous sentiment, but the preceding pages help to explain why Positivism has failed to satisfy the religious instincts of the modern world. For example, religion is defined as a result rather than a cause. It is, we read, "the state of harmony that results when man's entire life, both as an individual and as a member of society, corresponds with the real conditions—first of human nature, and, secondly, of the world around us." An uninspiring definition! Then Positivism is represented as mainly education. Not many wise are called, and no one else is called; such seems to be the Positivist creed. And further, "Humanity" is never defined; it is assumed. If capital letters were only arguments, how much more simple the world would be for some theorists! Besides, Mr. Harrison's book does not meet the stringent philosophical criticisms passed on Positivism, any more than the objections to it from the general religious side, and his estimates of the theistic and Christian schemes are, to put it quite frankly, retrograde and even superficial. No one who knows the inside of the subject will learn much from these pages. No one who is unacquainted with Positivism will probably be attracted very strongly by this statement of its claims. The standpoint of the book, as regards Biblical criticism, for example, is antiquated, and Mr. Harrison's general comments upon English Christianity are neither better nor worse than what an ordinary pamphleteer might have been expected to produce thirty or forty years ago. There are only two adjectives which can be applied to the volume. It is pathetic and it is disappointing. One might add, "readable," but that would be superfluous. Mr. Harrison is always readable, even when he has least to say.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

* "The Positive Evolution of Religion." By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

LATIN AMERICA.*

This account of the states of South America and Central America by a young Peruvian diplomat is of extreme interest. He writes with a mind well-equipped in knowledge of history, of political and economic theories, he is decided in his views, enthusiastic in his hopes and his foretellings. State by state he gives a brief *resume* of their story, their origin and growth until there came the great moment of revolution in 1810, when they began to throw off the domination of Spain. During the last hundred years they have been rent by conflicts within themselves, and among each other, problems have been presented whose solution affected their very existence. Through it all they survived, and continued to work towards an understanding of their individual nationalities, and to a perception of their collective ties and the tremendous future that may be in store for a Latin America, conscious of

* "Latin America: Its Rise and Progress." By F. Garcia-Calderon. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

itself and banded together against the aggression, in war or by peaceful methods of commerce and immigration, of Germany, Japan and the United States. M. Garcia-Calderon discusses temperately and gravely the dangers from these countries, but his conclusions are hopeful, provided the Latin States unite in developing their resources and fostering a federal idea.

There are innumerable points of interest lightly touched upon in this volume, but the space into which the immense subject is compressed forbids the author to give much detail. Our scanty knowledge of a mighty continent is usefully refreshed and increased by every page. One does not at all moments realise that the overwhelming majority of the population are either pure Indians or *mestizos*, the descendants of Indians and whites, while mulattos sprung from whites and negroes, and *zambos*, the children of Indians and negroes also form a considerable proportion of the population. In Peru and Ecuador the white element is only 6 per cent., and in the whole country "the pure European element does not amount to 10 per cent. of the total population."

The book has an appreciative Preface by M. Poincaré, who has lately been made President of the French Republic. It is an excellent introduction to the study of the South American States, whose vexed and turbulent history is so little known. We remember the sentence that found a place in Balmaceda's political testament written immediately before his suicide, "All the founders of South American independence have died in dungeons, in prison cells, or have been assassinated, or have perished in proscription and exile." M. Garcia-Calderon promises a happier future, though he strangely enough seems to fail to take into account the labour problems which will make themselves deeply felt in South America, and that soon.

OF HONEST REPORT.*

It is a vicious, though not unusual, method of reviewing that picks out all the bad points in a book (or selects a good sample of them), and passes the rest with an easy sentence of commendation. Yet, as one who has had an opportunity of expressing under his own signature his indebtedness to this striking and thought-provoking book by Miss Underhill, I would like to take this opportunity of dealing with its one outstanding misapprehension. There are passages in her interpretation of the hidden passionate life of Christ (notably in her account of the events attending the Crucifixion) where she seems quaintly to boggle at the supernatural, which is the more strange as the virtue of her whole interpretation is nothing if it is not based on the supernatural. But that is an incidental disagreement, such as the encounter of two minds must always provoke. Her chapter on "St. Paul and the Mystic Way," especially the first portion of it, is a wonderful piece of orderly elucidation. It is when she comes to "The Johannine Mystic" that one is set aback. Her interpretation here is just of the sort most inclined to throw the mystical apprehension of a World beyond worlds into the very disrepute it should be ambitious to avoid.

I am not concerned with critical considerations. In the present instance they seem to be based chiefly on the naïve assumption that the writer himself was not an original thinker; and that therefore he must have been indebted to Alexandrian idealism for much of his outlook. Which seems to be a neat instance of the first logical fallacy. Miss Underhill, however, accepts this temporary outpost of German theological criticism (which is abandoning most of the outposts it took so sturdily some twenty years ago); and she is therefore faced with the problem of the events recorded by John that are not to be found in the "Synoptic Record," in the first half of his Gospel, and all the lengthy speeches in the second half. Her solution is without doubt as ingenious as it is sincere. Briefly it is this: that John in states of religious trance saw visions and heard voices, which visions and voices become so real to him that he set them down in a consecutive account, declaring them to be an authentic life of his Master. Faced bravely, the situation comes to this: that John has practised on us a colossal piece of fraud, a piece of fraud hardly conceivable of a man who displays so exquisitely pure a spirit as pervades the whole of his book, but which he makes the worse by declaring in the very head and front of his account that "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Miss Underhill quotes some instances of those who have seen, in such states of vision, episodes of the life of Christ with extraordinarily intimate and precise detail, as though they had lived in the very air and space of the things they saw—such as the visions experienced by John of the Cross and Julian of Norwich. But Julian related her experiences as personal visions: she did not try to thimble-rig them into actual events as treasured in her memory of them. That is the difference. It is the difference between an honest report and one that is not honest. Because, assuming Miss Underhill's interpretation, John in his waking consciousness must have known the difference between the two things.

There are some who accept the truth of John's report; there are some who do not. Both are conceivable attitudes of mind. Miss Underhill, in her reverence for a passing phase of German theology (with its typical Saxon heaviness), both does and does not; with the result that her mysticism, in this one instance, changes its "y" for an "i." To support her interpretation she quotes four sayings put by John into the mouth of Christ as having an obvious reference to events that occurred long after his life on earth: and each of them fails her. They are worth examination—on purely rational, exegetical grounds.

(1) "Thus, 'Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours': true enough of those who followed St. Paul, not of those who preceded him." But why not? Was not Christ always referring to the labours and persecutions of the Hebrew prophets who preceded Him? (2) "'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you'—incredible upon the lips of the human Jesus." And yet it was the human Jesus who established the strange ritual of the Bread and Wine! (3) "'If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you': a direct reference to the first persecutions of the Church." Why not a direct reference to the hatred of the Sanhedrim against this new following, that, with the entrance into Jerusalem, they had all encountered in full? (4) "'I am in My Father, and ye in Me and I in you': the deeply mystical formula of John's own experience and belief." But why should it be any the less odd as a formula of John's experience and belief than of Christ's?

Authentic or not, John's account is at least a logical entity; and deserves to be treated as such. And it is a pity that Miss Underhill has not done so, because the other parts of her book are as subtle in their sympathy as they are striking in their exegesis.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

* "The Mystic Way." By Evelyn Underhill. 12s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Novel Notes.

RISING DAWN. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Simple in design and quiet in style is Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel of English life in the fourteenth century. But the picture gains in clarity and charm by the selection the author has made from all the rich and varied material relating to the most picturesque age in our history. Froissart and Chaucer, Langland and Wycliffe, with Wat Tyler in the background, lived in the days when Andrew Mallet set out from his father's manor house near Pevensey, on a ride to the palace of John of Gaunt in London. With all that Froissart stands for Mr. Begbie has no concern. The Flemish chronicler paints the sunset of feudal chivalry in

glowing colours, but he is blind to the hues of the new dawn, which, as in Arctic skies at summer, mingle with the iridescence of a decaying order of things. It was one of the great moments in the life of the English nation—one of the great moments indeed in the life of mankind. For the birth of the spirit of modern liberty was then taking place. It is this birth of liberty that Mr. Begbie clearly, simply, and finely describes through the frank, honest eyes of his young country hero. The Sussex squire starts on his journey with the Froissart view of life; trained by his warlike father for war, he regards the world as a picturesque and exciting tournament, in which he intends to win knighthood and fortune by strength and skill of hand. He is the gallant and honourable young squire that Chaucer has painted for us in the "Canterbury Tales"—rather as an exemplar, I am afraid, than as a study from daily life. And Chaucer in person intervenes in his career, and helps him to enter the service of John of Gaunt. Attached to the train of the Royal Duke is a little, thin, elderly Oxford man, Doctor Wycliffe. So Andrew's ride to London with news of some political importance, with which his father has entrusted him, leads him into the chief centre of the new forces in English life. For the action of his story, Mr. Begbie has gone to a curious law case mentioned in the "Calendar of Patent Rolls," in which it is recorded that John of Gaunt heard the appeal of John Shakyl in a suit brought by the sister of Robert Hauley. It is a strange, picturesque, dramatic affair, well known to every close student of the troublous period between the death of Edward III. and the temporary disgrace of John of Gaunt. But no historical novelist, whom I know of, has seen its high value, as Mr. Begbie has done. It reveals in a most vivid way the fading ideals of chivalry and the sordid cunning that worked beneath the trappings of honourable warfare. The matter is too intricate for explanation in a review. It is a story with some quick turns and sudden surprises, and Mr. Begbie tells it admirably. His hero plays a small part in it, his position being a very dubious one. He is used as a dull, honest tool by John of Gaunt for a mean, disgraceful purpose. Disillusioned at last, he gives up all hope of worldly success, loses the woman he loves, and becomes one of Doctor Wycliffe's Russet Priests. The gradual awakening of his mind and soul, under the stress of circumstances, is traced in a natural and very moving manner.

THE DANCING CHILD. By Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Dancing Child" is a novel with a purpose. "... If anywhere in these realms of stage romances and realities there be need for the plea of this tale, and if that plea be heard, then let it not pass unheeded," urge the authors in their short foreword. The business end of the story—for it has its playful end as well—is directed against those unscrupulous persons who adopt clever children with the sole idea of exploiting them on the stage and living on their earnings. To this type belongs Ethel Paton, a heartless, mercenary woman, who seeing monetary possibilities in the exquisite dancing of a charming little Irish girl, adopts the child and brings her to London. Soon, under the name of Berry Traill, the ten-year-old dancer wins fame in the principal part of a children's play at a West End theatre, and the far-seeing "mother" is living a life of ease and luxury, while the child has to work hard, not only on the stage, but also in the schoolroom. Berry is treated with the utmost meanness by her parasitic "mother," who cleverly trades upon the child's belief in Paudeen, the King of the Fairies, to induce her to become a willing slave, and to forego most of the pleasures which children love. The authors trace Berry's career through the "leggy" stage when, in spite of the cruel efforts made to check her growth, she persists in adding to her poor little stature, and finally on to the music-halls where, as Sweet Kit, she has her train of fast followers, and is knocked down by her "mother" to the highest bidder. A pleasant love story is intertwined with the main plot of "The Dancing Child," which is coloured throughout with a geniune affection for children and concern for their welfare.

Miss Brenda Girvin,
Joint-Author of "The Dancing Child" (Chapman & Hall).

Miss Monica Cosens,
Joint-Author of "The Dancing Child" (Chapman & Hall).

AN INN UPON THE ROAD. By Janet Dodge. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

It is certainly an interesting speculation to imagine that Love is merely "An Inn upon the Road" of Life, where woman may rest a night or two and then continue her journey along the highway. This is apparently Miss Dodge's philosophy, and her latest work endeavours to show the possibility of such a dogma in the persons of Natalie Herbert and Conrad Mark. She hastens to assure her readers that woman is the better for Love, but that the mistake she often makes, is in thinking that Love fulfilled is the ultimate end, instead of the threshold, of a new Life. And from this point of view the book is well worth studying, but as a novel, it can hardly be deemed a success as the absence of a legitimate plot might weary its readers unless they were interested in the author's premises. The principal characters in this story are types sometimes met with, but seldom appreciated; such as the masculine Helen and Natalie's frivolous mother, who represent some of the influences which contribute to the final separation of Natalie and her lovers, although the climax is precipitated by the girl herself who cannot assimilate the idea of self sacrifice to true Love. The book involves a somewhat new departure in ethics and as such is worth reading.

THE HOUSE OF SPIES. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

"Ten yards away Jasper Benham lay flat on his back, one arm flung out, the other twisted as though it were broken. The lantern swayed uncertainly at the gate, and then came down into the road. It showed the white face

and the slight figure of a girl, a red cloak flung over her shoulders, her dress open at the throat." This was the first meeting of the hero and the heroine. The novel closes with Nance Durrell wounded but safe in Jasper's arms, while the villain of the piece, a French spy, is shot in a duel on the shore. Mr. Deeping has gone back to the period when Napoleon's threatened invasion set the South of England astir, but the interest of the story lies in the adventures of Jasper and Nance, the latter a girl who was mixed up, thanks to her fanatical father, with the intrigues of a French count on behalf of Napoleon. There is plenty of fighting, or rather of rough play, in the book, and Mr. Warwick Deeping as usual has succeeded in making a series of exciting situations hold the reader's interest to the end. De Rothan is a full-blooded blackguard of the aristocratic type. His exploits strain the probabilities a little, but that is a detail. The story in the main is alive with romance, and it runs briskly from start to finish.

INEFFECTUAL FIRES. By E. M. Smith-Dampier. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

We have to congratulate Mr. Smith-Dampier on a finely conceived novel. The two central figures are an artist, or rather a would-be artist, who mistakes cleverness for genius, and an elderly countrywoman with a strong maternal instinct. The artist is hampered by a father who has no sympathy with the artistic tastes which his son has inherited from an Italian mother, and the woman has to overcome, by the sheer devotion of her nature to the boy, the Puritan prejudices of her environment. Sabina Blanchflower behaves nobly. She gives up her home to let her protégé have his chance of Italy, and while the sacrifice is in vain, as far as the lad's success goes, she returns a richer woman. There are bits of by-play in the novel, love-making and a description of Sir Joshua Reynolds's household, but the dominating interest of the story lies in the interaction of the two main characters, and Mr. Smith-Dampier has contrived to work this out with admirable skill. The Italian scenes are vivid, in spite of the tragedy which looms over them from the first. But we should like to know how Sabina's Bible, "opened at random for consolation, gave the words to her pointing finger—'Let Satan stand at his right hand.'" The devil did tempt poor Shaw in his hour of collapse and failure, but in what Bible did Sabina discover this gloomy prophecy?

THE SILENCE OF MEN. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. 6s. (John Lane.)

On the voyage to India John March is laid captive by the fascinations of Lynne Ashburton, whom he marries—on the quiet—after a decent interval to prove the permanency of his love. He is, unfortunately, rather too conscientious an official, and his duties compel him to be away from home very often. So the marriage, of which very few people know, is not a success. Lynne ends it by committing bigamy and leaving India with a very unattractive "husband." Years pass, and March continues to keep silence. He returns to England and falls seriously in love with an innocent girl. Meanwhile, Lynne is not happy as a leader of society, and gives indications that she is anxious to return to March. She threatens him with exposure. And there are other elements in the situation to complicate the tangle. It is solved by the discovery that she had married yet another man before she met March, and that this gentleman died before she married her third "husband." So March is free to go his own way, and everything ends happily. Mr. Prevost Battersby uses every possible art to make this unlikely story attractive and credible, and, while he fails utterly where the second point is concerned, he achieves some considerable success in the first. "The Silence of Men" is not at all a great book, but it is very well written, and the Indian scenes—of which there are too few—are genuinely illuminating.

A BALKAN PRINCE. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 2s. net. (Everett.)

A surprise awaits the admires of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's delightful studies of animal life. The author's latest book is upon totally different lines; it constitutes, we believe, its writer's first regular novel. It is something more than passable and readable; it is quite an excellent story in its way, in spite of the fact that, after a pleasantly intriguing beginning, there is an interpolation of a lengthy and unnecessary railway journey and a great deal of "improving" conversation upon the merits of various aeroplanes, all of which are now out of date. However, once the reader has skipped that, he will find a good deal to interest him. The plot is decidedly strong, and clever use has been made of recent events in the Balkans, involving an original and fairly plausible explanation of the motives underlying the declaration of war on the part of the allied states. The characters also—a Servian Prince, an English army officer, an American adventurer, and a French lady-spy—are pleasant and fairly human. Still, though we are glad of anything Mr. Roberts cares to give us, we must confess that we prefer him in his earlier vein. So many people might have written "A Balkan Prince," so few can write the animal stories.

IFS AND ANS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Marriott Watson can tell a good story. In this volume he has told fourteen, and the first four are dominated by the same hero, Richard Derrick, who faces death in several forms, and chiefly by reason of his chivalry towards beautiful Spanish ladies. This is more than the book for an idle hour, for the work is careful and worth attention. In another sense it is *par excellence* the book for an idle hour, for the stories are arresting, dramatic, vivid and well varied. Just once or twice their author plays Providence in a fashion which is almost too childlike; but even then we are glad that a comfortable tidying up in the final paragraphs leaves no pang to mar a story which has given pleasure.

THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

We had not thought to chance so soon on an antithesis to "Bella Donna" and Miss Macnamara will not take the reference amiss, for the resemblance and the contrast may be purely unintentional. Mr. Hichens gave us an adventuress removing one husband for the sake of another; Miss Macnamara gives us a fascinating artist committing bigamy through egotism and weakness. But in the case of "Bella Donna" the environment was essential to the story, seeing that nowhere in the fashionable world could slow murder be so safely compassed as in a private *dahabeah* upon the Nile. Miss Macnamara's hero on the other hand, could have committed bigamy pretty nearly anywhere. Her excuse is that she paints the splendours of Egyptian scenery with a pen that makes us grateful, and though her paragraphs now and then seem to say "Let us be descriptive," they beguile us none the less. Where she gains on Mr. Hichens is that she does not try to rival his sultriness of passion, and she keeps her characters intensely human. She gives us in Mildred Ivors and Hesper Marlowe two delightful women, modern in the best sense, and full of perfect feeling, and their coming together in a tragic climax strains no probabilities.

MINNA. From the Danish of Karl Gjellerup. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

Strindberg and the other great outstanding figures of the Scandinavian invasion of English literature have very little to fear from this excellent translation by C. L. Nielsen of Karl Gjellerup's "Minna." This story of a young Dane's infatuation for a governess is a very simple and artless affair, and it depends less on skill of construction and depth of psychological analysis than it does on its naturalness and obviousness—and on the power of kind-hearted people to feel "Poor things, how they must suffer! How bitter and cruel are the disillusions that attend a nice young man's love!" As a matter of fact, however, hardened novel readers will be warned off this book by the preface—by the reference to the death of the hero which "I am half happy, half sorry, to say," observes Gjellerup, "took place not many

years after he had lost his beloved Minna. Indeed, the fear which she mentioned in her letter to Stephenson that Fenger's chest was not strong, proved to be less unfounded than he himself supposed. It was also thought probable by his doctor that the heart-wound of which these pages tell added fuel to the complaint from which he was already suffering." The experienced in fiction know full well the different types of these emotional but consumptive Northerners, and, as the truth must be told, Karl Gjellerup does not, in "Minna," make us like them any better than we did when we met them years and years ago, in the pages of stories written by young English ladies of quality, and wished them an early and happy decease.

THE OUTLAW. By David Hennessey. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The award of the second prize of £400 in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's recent novel competition to "The Outlaw" in some respects must have been an action requiring considerable pluck on the part of Miss Harraden, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, and Mr. Shorter, the adjudicators. For "The Outlaw," is not at all the sort of book that one would expect to win such a prize. It is sensational—parts of it, indeed, come perilously near to melodrama—the style in which it is written is not particularly literary, and a number of its characters are conventional and ineffective. Yet it is quite a fine book in its way. Defects such as those mentioned are almost inherent in its scheme; and it possesses virtues which tip the scale heavily in its favour. To begin with, it is an excellent story, genuinely interesting and good to read and essentially unusual. Hitherto the bushranger of fiction has been either a totally impossible blend of Robin Hood, D'Artagnan, and Don Quixote, or a sinister scoundrel before whom the woolliest villains of the Wild West pale into insignificance. Salathiel, Mr. Hennessey's Outlaw, is neither. He is, in his way, a creation—certainly an arresting figure. Life has treated him hardly and unfairly, and although his resentment and revenge may not be pretty, they are at least consistent with his character. Salathiel is a human being; one can believe in him. This is the crux of the whole book, for it stands or falls by this one character. In other respects "The Outlaw" is a well-handled, capable piece of work. It is written in a style that at worst is businesslike and at best is remarkably well suited to the subject-matter of the story; it is crowded with incident; and it presents a fresh and vigorous—though one-sided—picture of a period of Australian history which is little known or studied in this country. In fact, "The Outlaw," may not be a great novel, but at least it is a very good one.

THE CURSE OF THE NILE. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Curse of the Nile" is a powerfully dramatic story inspired by the tragedy of Gordon. It presents a striking and realistic picture of life in the Sudan from the siege of Khartoum to the battle of Omdurman—covering a period of more than fourteen years. There is a glittering thread of romance winding its way through the woeful tales of suffering and terror, like a silver stream that at last outdistances the bloodshed and misery and glides on its way peacefully after they are all over. The dreadful scenes in the prison of the Khalifa are true and taken from the actual experience of three men—which fact makes them only the more horrible and unforgettable. The hero of the story is a young English officer, the heroine a beautiful Sicilian girl with wonderful eyes which serve a strange, peculiarly useful purpose when the owner of them is placed in critical and dangerous positions. Both these young people are doomed to endure all manner of peril and hardship, including a long separation, before Fate relents and, lifting them out of harm's way, gives them to each other. Mr. Sladen is obviously at home with his subject, and the story carries with it from beginning to end the atmosphere of place and period which the author has realized so successfully, and which makes the book as real on its sunnier as on its darker side. It is a stirring novel; fact and fiction are very skilfully woven together, and the whole story is one of absorbing interest.

CANDLELIGHT DAYS. By Adeline M. Teskey. 6s. (Cassell.)

Miss Teskey's latest book is a little difficult to classify. It is not a novel, and we suspect that large parts of it are not even fiction. At the same time it is not a book of genuine reminiscence, for the author has obviously allowed her imagination to colour a good many of the scenes she describes. And—if we may say so without offence—Miss Teskey herself is quite wrong in describing it as a story, as she does in her "note" at the beginning. There is no story about it. The boy who is supposed to be the narrator grows up—that is all. We can only describe it—rather clumsily—as a fairly detailed picture of the life of old-time pioneers in Canada—to be more exact, in the State of Ontario. We admit that we have gone into this point at too great length for the purposes of a short notice, but we think it our duty to warn off those readers who ask nothing more from a novel than an exciting plot. They are bound to be disappointed. However, there must be a large number of people to whom Miss Teskey's delicately vivid methods of narration and genial sympathy with a large number of strongly contrasted charact rs, are bound to appeal. They will find that "Candlelight Days," takes a high place among the most delightful Canadian books that have ever been written.

THE LIFE MASK. By the Author of "He Who Passed." 6s. (Heinemann.)

"He Who Passed," one of the most remarkable of last year's novels, was put forward as an actual biography—a strange life-story that was entirely true. In "The Life Mask" the anonymous author confesses that she has tried a 'prentice hand at fiction, but her fiction is so vividly and powerfully realistic that it reads almost as if it were as true as the true story. Written in the first person, it is the record of a woman, still young, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of her husband. After nearly ten years in prison she was set at liberty, so ill that she was believed to be dying; but an old nurse mothered her and brought her back to health, and so she came to face life shrinkingly again, always in fear of her dreadful secret being discovered. Through the earlier half of the book the reader is aware of this black shadow that is over her, but the secret is as cunningly kept from him as she was keeping it from the world at large. For sufficiently convincing reasons, she has no doubt of her guilt. She meets and loves a man who falls passionately in love with her, but because she loves him she is desperately determined not to marry him and risk bringing any shadow of her dreadful shame over his career. It is a poignantly dramatic situation; she is on the verge of self-destruction, as the only way out of it, since he resolutely refuses to be sent away, when circumstances force her to a confession of the truth, and, following this, comes a revelation of her innocence that is only less surprising than the identity of the real criminal. It is a well imagined, distinctly clever story; the characters are alive and human, and the interest is thoroughly sustained from the opening sentence to the finish.

THE HONEY-STAR. By Tickner Edwardes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The hero has two obstacles to encounter. Elisabel March, his pretty neighbour, is the daughter of a rival bee-keeper, and there had been an old feud between the two families. But love triumphs, and the pair fall in love. The second obstacle to their happiness lies in the jealousy of another woman. Rose Petherway, a rather sensuous creature, sets herself to break her old lover's peace by raking up a scandal in his past life, and this plot occupies the second half of the story. The first is more idyllic. Still, by a rather conventional device, the scandal is exposed and cleared up, so that the idyllic atmosphere pervades the close of the romance. There is a capital description of a horse-fair. Mr. Edwardes has drenched his pages with the

scents and sounds of the English south-country; some of the chapters contain really charming pictures of open-air life. But the human interest is uppermost, in spite of the title. The rapture of the lovers reaches its climax after marriage, by a fine touch of the author's art; the description of the husband and wife living up among the heather is one of the best things in the whole book, and it is drawn into relief against the background of Rose's mean jealousy. For once, the scenery of a novel like this does not distract the reader's attention from the men and women who play their parts in the comedy—a comedy which is so nearly a tragedy. It is a pretty story which Mr. Edwardes has written, and the setting is as pretty as the plot.

NAPOLEON BOSWELL. By Herbert H. Malleson. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The gypsy has often played an important part in fiction, but we seldom come across a book entirely devoted to his race. Not that "Napoleon Boswell" is a novel, pure and simple, for it is a collection of short stories which have a connecting theme involving from birth to marriage, the life-history of a gypsy. Mr. Malleson certainly puts the Romany character before us in a very different light to that generally accepted, his theory being that there is nothing inherently bad in the true-blooded race, but merely a desire to be allowed to live their own lives without interference. It might be invidious to select any one story out of the ten for praise, but if a choice were to be made, perhaps it would fall on the incident entitled "A Proof of Mettle," for in it we get a glimpse of the character of a real old Romanichel which is very interesting and unique. Lady Arthur Grosvenor's admirable preface mentions that the Zachary Boswell in this story had his counterpart in real life and one is ready to agree with her that by his death a picturesque personality was lost. A charming conclusion to this book is reached in the final story which deals with the extraordinary comradeship shewn among these wayfarers of the road to one another.

ROADKNIGHT. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Holden & Hardingham.)

The publishers assure us in one of the apparently inevitable and frequently amusing puffs-preliminary that this is the author's best work. Our only comment is that if Mr. Murray-Gilchrist has written a better story he is greatly to be envied. For this is a charming tale, well deserving the reviewer's choicest adjectives of praise—wholesome, satisfying, entertaining, re-readable. The scene is laid in a small market-town, and the plot turns round two pairs of lovers—a fine, tongue-tied yeoman in love with the doctor's daughter, and Roadknight, the man of letters, who attains happiness by the unusual means of marrying his landlady's daughter. But it does wrong to this book to hint at its simple plot. Its charm and its strength lie in its convincing simplicity and truth. It is a country idyll, written with fine insight, restraint, and skill, and it is a pleasure to us to endorse (for once) a proud publisher's claim that this is a book through which runs a vein of pleasant and hearty mirth, and that it is scarcely possible to believe that all the incidents have not occurred in real life.

CARNACKI THE GHOST-FINDER. By William Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Hope Hodgson's new novel comprises half-a-dozen of the "creepiest" experiences imaginable. Carnacki, the hero or victim of these experiences, narrates them to a privileged circle of friends with an artistic sense of cumulative horror calculated to create the sensation known as goose-flesh in your veriest sceptic. Whether you believe in ghosts or not, you are sure to find something to your taste in Carnacki's thrilling reports of his investigations; for in some cases the mysterious forces at work prove to be merely ingeniously contrived tricks of human origin, while in other cases strange and horrific Beings take threatening shape and have to be dealt with according to the mystic laws of supernatural "science." Read after nightfall in a dimly lighted room peopled with uneasy shadows, these tales carry with them a haunting atmosphere of terror and an ever-present sense of the unknown powers of darkness. Take for example the phenomenon of "The Whistling Room" in an old Irish castle. This room at nights was wont to give out a weird whistling sound "like a monster with a man's soul." Carnacki climbing by moonlight to the window from the outside looks in. "And then, you know, I saw something. The floor in the middle of the huge, empty room, was puckered upwards in the centre into a strange soft-looking mound, parted at the top into an everchanging hole, that pulsated to that great gentle hooning. . . . And suddenly, as I stared, dumb, it came to me that the thing was living. I was looking at two enormous, blackened lips, blistered and brutal, there in the pale moonlight . . . ." Mr. Hope Hodgson plays deftly on the strings of fear, and his new novel stamps him a fascinating panic-monger with a quick eye for all the sensational possibilities of ghost-lore.

The Bookman's Table.

LORE OF PROSERPINE. By Maurice Hewlett. 5s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has offered for consideration a theory that is as fascinating as it is wild and imaginative. He is acutely conscious (so the book tells) of the nearness of a Spirit-World, not a region of departed Souls once clothed in the garb of humanity, but a universe of Fairy Beings, whose nature is as vital as our own. Their existence is not made manifest by mere intuition. They may become visible—either in their natural element, or in the earthly shapes which they sometimes inhabit—to all whose spiritual instinct is sufficiently susceptible to such impressions. The play of light and shadow upon sun-flecked forest paths, may resolve itself into a faint mysterious form—a Spirit of the Woodlands; the soul of a sylph may look out from the eyes of a little child. A needy working woman, outwardly typical of many hundreds, leading by day an arduous humdrum life, may take her place among the Fairy revellers at midnight. These things, and others far more wonderful, the writer claims to have beheld. Yet his book is not a mere collection of fairy tales, but a psychological argument supported by personal experience. The Author's remarkable command of language is only equalled by the beauty of his ideas. He is convinced that wherever life is, from its lowest to its highest form, spirit must be also. That which to others would be the Supernatural is to him the law of Natural Fact; he believes in the gods, yet he is no heathen. The air of absolute conviction which characterises the work throughout is admirably sustained. It is a masterpiece of descriptive writing and brilliant imagination and should keep the reader spellbound from beginning to end.

PEACE THEORIES AND THE BALKAN WAR. By NORMAN ANGELL. 1s. net. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

Mr. Norman Angell is still at some pains to define his position. In the present pamphlet he weaves an elaborate fabric from the subtle thesis which he propounded with so much skill and ingenuity in "The Great Illusion," that war is not impossible but futile and the relic of a barbarous age. In fact "Peace Theories and the Balkan War" is simply a replica of the author's ingenious plea for a saner attitude in the domain of international politics applied to recent events in the Balkans. Mr. Norman Angell is still the martyr to an idea which seems, strangely enough, to be too subtle or too elusive for the comprehension of not only the ordinary man, but even of the critics who fall foul of the author's meaning and contention. The book is richly polemical in tone, although now and then the tug of war between author and critic becomes a little tiring to the intellect not accustomed to the author's verbal gymnastics. The world has still to be educated up to the gospel of "The

Great Illusion." We should have thought that an author of Mr. Angell's inherent sense of humour would have steered clear of using such an odious compound as "Anti-Bellicist" or the word "Bellicist" in a serious sense, even although M. Faguet is responsible for the counterfeit coinage. We sincerely hope the words will not creep into the language. They remind one of that nightmare vision conjured up by Mr. Bernard Shaw and labelled facetiously the "Chesterbelloc!"

STEPS TO PARNASSUS. By J. C. Squire. 3s. 6d. (Howard Latimer).

Those who were privileged to enjoy Mr. J. C. Squire's "Imaginary Speeches," will not need to be reminded that he is a skilful parodist. Few readers who this month take up his work for the first time, will be led to dispute the veracity of such criticism. If the author's good-humoured thrusts were directed at one particular section of literary society, the book would lose much of its value. The interest of the production is to be found in its impartiality. Thus Mr. Squire takes a mischievous delight in exposing the pet foibles of reviewers, in a manner that is too genuinely funny to be disconcerting, while an occasional side-shot at a Cabinet Minister, will cause some amusement in political circles. The modern conception of the Higher Drama, provides an opportunity for the Satirist which he is not slow to realise; the chapter on "Epigrammatic Comedy" is brilliant enough to call for special mention. The plan of the shortest route to the Heights of Parnassus, is mapped out with such deceptive solemnity, that young enthusiasts with more ambition than perception, may be constrained to act upon the kindly advice. The sarcastic touches are so subtly introduced, that their poignancy can scarcely be comprehended at a glance, and that in itself is a testimony to the author's clever handling of his subject. An element of roughness which prevails in fragmentary passages of the book might perhaps have been dispensed with without endangering the effectiveness of its point. With this slight tendency overlooked, the work cannot fail to provoke hearty laughter, and promises for its readers an hour of keen enjoyment.

A BRITISH BORDERLAND. By Captain H. A. Wilson. Illustrated. 12s. net. (John Murray).

Captain Wilson spent nearly five years, down to the end of 1906, in East Africa; he was there in an official capacity and served on the Anglo-German Boundary Commission, led one or two expeditions against the natives, and incidentally did a great deal of big-game shooting, and his book gives a very interesting account of it all. There are informing and suggestive chapters on the various East African races, on the religions and missions at work in the country, and on the aspect and nature of the country itself, and if these parts of the book are, in a sense, the most valuable, probably the most entertaining are those in which he relates his experiences as a hunter. "I held then," writes Captain Wilson, "and I still hold that to get the best sport a man should shoot by himself: by which I mean that he should make his shooting expeditions alone;" and he not only gives sagacious reasons for this faith that is in him but justifies it by the capital stories he tells of the sport that he had. His final chapters on the country, its fitness for colonization, the chances for emigrants, and its future possibilities are by no means optimistic, but they are of the greatest value and full of frank and practical counsel. Whether you are thinking of going to East Africa for sport or with a view to making a livelihood there, this is certainly a book you should read before starting. There are a number of photographic illustrations and a good map.

UNRULY DAUGHTERS: A Romance of the House of Orleans. By H. Noel Williams. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The Duc and Duchess d'Orleans had six daughters, the youngest of whom was born in 1709, and in this stout, well

Philippine Elisabeth d'Orleans (Mlle. de Beaujolais).

From a contemporary print.
From "Unruly Daughters," by H. Noel Williams (Hutchinson).

illustrated volume, Mr. Noel Williams has set himself to unfold the histories of those six Princesses. They grew up "unsurrounded by any serious affection and without any proper control being exercised over them, allowed to quarrel with one another unrebuked, and to follow each her own particular inclinations"; and the consequences of such an upbringing were all that a reasonable person might have expected. As they took their own wilful ways high-handedly with their parents, refusing to marry husbands chosen for them, becoming involved in troublesome and scandalous liaisons and following no guides but their own wayward impulses, so when any of them married they were uncontrollable by their more or less unfortunate husbands. They had their share of beauty; they were shrewd and intelligent and could act with discretion on occasion, they were not without some redeeming good-nature, but they were, in the main, totally unmanageable, and the narratives of what they made of their lives and of the lives of those who came into relations with them is told by Mr. Noel Williams crisply, entertainingly and with unflagging vivacity. It is good popular history, cleverly and picturesquely written and thoroughly interesting through all its seven hundred pages. It is well illustrated with a score of portraits from old paintings and engravings.

SAINT ALBAN THE MARTYR, HOLBORN: A History of Fifty Years. By the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 5s. net. (Allen.)

St. Alban's, Holborn, is unfortunately renowned for the controversy that arose in 1870 over the revival of Ritualism which followed in the wake of the Tractarian movement. When people beheld St. Alban's clad in Romish apparel they said that it was Popery, and, so Mr. Russell states, "as far as externals were concerned, it was difficult to contradict them." Mr. Russell has not written this history as a "dispassioned outsider," and on the controversial side of the subject there must of necessity be many who will not accept his judgment. In some respects one cannot help feeling that it would have been better to let the past

slumber on undisturbed. The factions and disputes of religious persons have ever been the Church's most insidious foes, and wordlings have often quoted in derision Tertullian's observation: "See how these Christians love one another." But St. Alban's is something infinitely greater than the cause of a contest where the combatants joined in "pelting each other for the public good." It is a monument of unselfish devotion rendered by most saintly and talented men to the greatest of all causes. "The Church which is to win England for Christ must go into the highways and hedges, into the slums, and the cellars and the reeking garrets of a population which lives twelve in a room, and there proclaim the Acceptable Year of the Lord—the simultaneous deliverance from moral and from physical degradation," writes Mr. Russell, and this has been for fifty years the object, end, and law and purpose of St. Alban's existence.

PEERESSES OF THE STAGE. By Cranstoun Metcalfe. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

This is a book about actresses who have married Peers of the Realm, and it is written from a point of view that recalls the history of gentle Jane. "She was good as gold, and when she grew up she was given in marriage to a first-class Earl who kept his carriage." Indeed, writing the life of Maria Foote who became Countess of Harrington, after a somewhat adventurous career, the author says: "On the principle that in this world we get pretty much what we deserve, we accept this marriage to the Earl of Harrington as good evidence that Maria Foote was a sound little woman at heart." The author is determined to set down naught in malice, and this is of course praiseworthy; yet perhaps a trifling hint of malice might have made the book a little more piquant. If we must carp we may object that sugar and spice and all things nice, after all, may be rather cloying; especially when the author treats of the best of all possible worlds wherein pretty musical comedy actresses attain to a terrestial paradise of motor-cars, and, we are instructed, "expense is no object." Undoubtedly, humdrum folk like to have glimpses vouchsafed to them of so brilliant an existence; we all hunger for romance, and although there may be very little real romance in these lives, yet there is a colourable imitation of the romantic; and Mr. Metcalfe uses it to excellent purpose in this ably written and entertaining volume. Photographs of many pretty musical comedy actresses embellish the letterpress.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD LOCK & CO.

The subject matter of Miss Lindsay Russell's **Souls in Pawn** (6s.), is somewhat scandalous but dramatic in quality. She deals with the ways of life of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Irish race in Australia, and, if she may be believed, chastity and sobriety are not among their ruling virtues. However this may be, Miss Russell has got hold of a sombre, unusual, tragical theme; but shows little power in the handling and development of it. She inclines to use the methods of a serial writer of the mystifying sort, instead of boldly stating at once her main situation, and then working with strength and directness through some great scenes to the grand conclusion. We are afraid that if the book attracts any considerable attention, it will be more by reason of its savage attack upon the character of the Roman Catholic clergy in Australia, than because of its qualities as a piece of literature. The characters are indicated rather than drawn. There is no insight, no intensity of vision into the workings of human nature under strange and terrible conditions. In short, Miss Russell is hardly equal to carrying out so amazingly painful a study of modern life as she has conceived.

MESSRS. EVERETT & CO.

On opening Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's latest novel—**The Mystery of Mere Hall** (6s.)—one finds oneself immediately in the very depths of a grim mystery. In the spacious grounds surrounding a decayed and isolated old mansion known as Mere Hall, a coffin-shaped box is being buried by lanthorn light, and two young girls are the unseen witnesses. Suddenly there is the sharp crack of a revolver, and the terrified girls hurry away from the uncanny scene—but the reader's interest is fully awakened by then, and does not abate until the end. The plot, complicated though it is, entangling many lives in its tragic skein, is well constructed and bristling with dramatic incidents. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan has got a good story to tell, and knows how to tell it. Her heroine, a pretty girl of seventeen, fresh from a convent school, lives with her weird grandfather at Mere Hall. The great gloomy house is too oppressive for her rebellious nature and she runs away from its shadows, only to be submerged in other troubles and difficulties. It is a good sensational tale with a strong love interest running through it, and several thrilling "curtains."

MESSRS. RELFE BROTHERS.

At all seasons of the year there are young ears open for a good fairy-tale, and for such there comes Miss K. E. Cogswell's pretty volume, **The Three Black Stones, and Other Stories,** (2s. net). Its themes are fresh and its style lucid, and it is brightened by clever illustrations.

MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.

We confess we are puzzled by **The Poetical Compendium,** compiled by Mr. D. R. Broadbent (6s. net). Mr. Broadbent terms his volume "Three Centuries of the Best English Verse." The period is from 1608 to 1870, and he begins with Milton and ends with Adam Lindsay Gordon; yet he includes no word from Keats, Shelley and Byron. He goes to America for "the best English verse" of Whittier and Lowell; he gives us many poems by Southey and by Kingsley, yet not a single line from the pen of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. Is this a "Compendium" of what Mr. Broadbent *likes* best, or what?

MR. FRANCIS GRIFFITHS.

Lieut.-Col. William Sedgwick has written a second volume on **Man and His Future** (6s. net). His sub-title is "The Anglo-Saxon: His Part and His Place." His book is in one way a survey of the teaching of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and a declaration of the belief that Science and Religion, hand in hand, can achieve and explain all things; while Science alone is in the end but a *cul-de-sac*, leaving man with but confusion for his outlook. The book holds thought and incites thought, and is the outcome of strong conviction.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO., LTD.

It is as natural to love a fairy tale as it would be churlish to criticise it. For our own part we are extremely grateful to Olive Christian Mackirdy for her new story, **Love's Soldier** (6s.). It is a long time since we have enjoyed anything as much as Robert Hayes's interview with his publisher. Robert protested against the excessive generosity of the terms offered, and Mr. Standing (quite naturally) figuratively embraced him. But this is only an incidental trifle in this fairy tale. Robert Hayes, banker's clerk, adopted Elizabeth Morris, and from this moment his fortunes never took a wrong turning. With the profits of his book he became a financial power, obtained a seat in the Cabinet, and named his own price to the Premier. When he married Mollie Maclean, the daughter of his old chief, the King was present at the ceremony, and told Mollie to sign her name in the register as Mary Stirling. For Robert Hayes had a well-kept secret: he had been created Duke of Stirling.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

For any man who is lacking in self-confidence, or a little inclined to be disheartened in the face of misfortune, a reading of Mr. Herbert Kaufman's **Do Something! Be Something!** (2s. net) should prove the best and most effective of all available tonics. We would go further and say it is a book to be placed in the hands of every young man at the outset of his career, for it preaches a gospel of energy, common-sense, and resolute self-confidence with a vigour and fiery optimism that are in themselves heartening and inspiring. "The right type of man will raise a grove of fig-trees in a desert. Failure isn't a disease of locality—it's a personal habit. Anybody can get a steady living out of steady effort. The same clock that ticks off twenty-four hours for one man can't cheat his neighbour." So runs Mr. Kaufman's homely, forcible philosophy. He has no belief in luck. Thousands of capable men, he says, have remained nonentities "simply because they had a fool idea that Fortune keeps a visiting list. She doesn't. She hasn't stirred from home since she first went into business. . . . There are no tramways to her door. No man who ever found the path managed to leave footprints to guide another over exactly the same route. She gives nothing. . . . The price of her goods must be paid for in grit and ability." Every page bristles with shrewd hints and practical counsel, and the sum of it is this: "The world is on the back of every man. Shrink from its weight and your burden grows doubly heavy. Carry it with squared shoulders and a light heart and it rides like a bubble." A wise book and a brave one, whose strong, healthful thoughts blow through a reader's mind like the bracing morning air on a mountain.

Laurence Sterne

From Gainsborough's painting, by permission of The Salford Corporation Art Gallery

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